OL. 39 NO. 9 Lessons for December SEPTEMBER 19

Aftermath of Summer

Katherine F. Larsen

When waning summer's richness lingers,
Down bright air
Float sounds like sun the leaves are sifting—
Everywhere
The children's voices rising, falling,
Interplay
Like leaves in sun and shade; their laughter
Light and fey.

Now summer leaves are yellowing—falling—
Down blue air
Lie secret empty lanes still haunted
Everywhere
By wraiths of laughter. Lonely lost winds
Seek and sigh,
Searching out paths where school-bound children
Chattered by.

Seasons must change; autumn's hushed hours
Follow after
Each summer, golden and rich with sun
And children's laughter.

The Cover: Crystal Springs Dam, California
Photograph by Don Knight
Frontispiece Photograph: Autumn in Owens Valley, California, by Don Knight

From Near and Far

I think Sister Maggie Tolman Porter ought to be commended on her story "A Message in Action" (July 1952). Every member of Relief Society ought to read it and put it into practice. Whether we are Relief Society teachers or what part we play in this great organization, there is always something we can do to help someone in need. I certainly enjoy my *Magazine* and look forward to it each month.

—Ruby S. Ralphs
Clifton, Idaho

I was greatly impressed with the series of articles "The Constitution and the United Nations Charter" (August, September, October, and November 1951), by Elder Albert R. Bowen. I would like to have this for reference purposes.

—Stanley C. Kimball
Montebello, California

I have just finished reading the current chapter of the continued novel "Uncertain Possession." It is a wonderful story, so full of the things in life that are important. I would certainly enjoy reading more stories by Beatrice R. Parsons.

—Mrs. David G. Shores
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I take this opportunity to express the joy I receive from reading our lovely *Magazine*. Church reading material is limited here on Guam, so it is always a pleasure to receive the *Magazine*. We are looking forward to reaching Zion again in the near future.

—N. Susan Pollock
Guam, M. I.

The Relief Society Magazine is tops in its field, and a magazine fine enough to match it would be hard to find anywhere in the world. It is worth binding and worth keeping in any good library.

—Elder Louis R. Jackson
Rivera, Uruguay, So. America

I am so filled with inspiration after reading the *Magazine* each month that I fairly fly to the task of preparing my literature lessons—if one can call such a joy and privilege a task. How clearly William Cowper made me see that life's handicaps need not curtail our talents nor prevent us from giving whatever we can to the world.

—Wanda Rhodes
Logan, Utah

The arrival of *The Relief Society Magazine* causes a pause in the routine of our home while we enjoy a treat of lovely poems. "Unquestioned Miracle" (June 1952), by Christie Lund Coles; "Creative Artist" by Ruth Chadwick (June 1951); and Alice Bailey's beautiful Mother's Day poem "Overtones" (May 1952), are a few which have impressed me greatly. I deeply appreciate the opportunity to have my work appear with that of many of the sincere writers of the Church.

—Iris W. Schow
Brigham City, Utah

It seems as if I am welcoming a lifelong friend into my home with each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*—a visit that is eagerly awaited.

—Mrs. LaVina Byington
Augusta, Georgia

Let me take this opportunity to say how much I have enjoyed the *Magazine* throughout the years I have taken it. To us in the mission field it is a monthly injection of spiritual strength, a transfusion of the lifeblood of our organization. Sometimes we feel faraway and out of touch with the main body of the Church, but in the *Magazine* we find spiritual admonitions, poetic inspiration, practical information, wholesome reading material, and, best of all, overwhelming evidence that throughout our organization there are other women with problems and aspirations, faith and falterings, convictions, and lessons to prepare.

—Cynthia M. Trunnell
Houston, Texas

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Vol. 39 SEPTEMBER 1952 No. 9

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Decisions and Free Agency ..... Marion G. Romney 572

FICTION

A Case for Martha—Part I ..... Hannah Smith 579
A Time to Forget—Chapter 3 ..... Fay Tarlock 597
Heritage of a Day ..... Marjorie Linthurst 603

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 570
Sixty Years Ago 586
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 587
Editorial: Vote in the November Election! ..... Marianne C. Sharp 588
Notes to the Field: Annual General Relief Society Conference; Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons; "Relief Society Handbook" Available 590
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 607
Annual Report — 1951 611

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Your Child Is an Individual ..... Celia Luce 584
Adventure in Glass—IV—Our Nineteenth Century Flint Glasshouses ..... Alberta H. Christensen 591

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: The Value of Records ..... Leland H. Monson 623
Visiting Teacher Messages: "I Work Not Among the Children of Men Save It Be According to Their Faith" ..... Leone O. Jacobs 627
Work Meeting—Home Management: Using Energy Wisely ..... Rhea H. Gardner 629
Literature: Sir Walter Scott ..... Briant S. Jacobs 631

POETRY

Aftermath of Summer—Frontispiece ..... Katherine F. Larsen 569
Sublimity ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 578
Autumn ..... Christie Lund Coles 583
In Lieu of Brush ..... Alice Whitson Norton 585
Opportunity ..... Grace Sayre 589
To My Absent Neighbor ..... Zera Wilde Earl 596
Magic in Making Jelly ..... Norma Morris 609
Precaution ..... Pansye H. Powell 628

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Decisions and Free Agency

Elder Marion G. Romney
Of the Council of the Twelve

[Address delivered at the general assembly on Friday, June 20, 1952, at Brigham Young University Leadership Week]

WHEN Brother Yarn asked me to participate on this program, he suggested that I speak to the subject "Free Agency and Decisions." The printed program indicates that "Decisions and You" has been your week-long theme. I suppose, therefore, that it has been about exhausted, and it may be that you, yourselves, have been about exhausted by the discussion of it.

I recall hearing of a very able farm hand who was put to work in a root cellar, his assignment being to sort field run potatoes, placing the No. 1's, 2's, and 3's in separate containers. Before the day was done he asked for his pay, saying he couldn't take it any longer. His surprised employer—for the man had all season been working long hours at heavy labor—sought the reason for his sudden taking off, reminding him of his enviable record as an able worker. "Oh, I don't mind the work," he said, "it's the making of these decisions which is driving me crazy."

In the hope that I shall not, on your behalf, push that drive to its final conclusion during the next few minutes, I have elected to reverse the suggested title and talk to the subject "Decisions and Free Agency."

Before doing so, however, I desire to call to your attention three familiar truths. The first one is that free agency is an established and enduring principle.

Our political structure has been built upon the premise that men are entitled to liberty and freedom as a divine endowment. This concept was germinating in the minds of Englishmen as early as 1215 A.D., when they wrung from King John the Magna Charta.

Sustained by their faith in and love for religious freedom, the Pilgrim Fathers were able to stand up against King James when he vowed "he would make them conform or harry them out of the land. . . . . Some of them were imprisoned, all were impoverished, but they held fast to freedom and truth." Taking temporary refuge in Holland, "they determined to (and did) perpetuate their ideals by founding a state in the American wilderness."

A century and a half later, challenging the right of King George to restrict their rights as Englishmen, the Congress of the thirteen colonies wrote into the Declaration of Independence these inspired words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

When, by the successful termination of the Revolution, the domination of the mother country had

been shaken off, the Americans wrote these principles of freedom into the basic law of the land. You all remember, of course, the Preamble to the Constitution: "WE THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

You are all likewise acquainted with the liberties guaranteed by the first ten amendments to the Constitution, which are, to all intents and purposes, a part of the original document itself.

OUR national strength has always been in our devotion to freedom. Abraham Lincoln once asked the question, "What constitutes the bulwark of our own liberty and independence?" to which he replied:

> It is not our frowning battlements, or bristling seacoasts, our army and navy. These are not our reliance against tyranny. All of these may be turned against us without making us weaker for the struggle. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prized liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism at your own doors (Speech of Abraham Lincoln—Edwardsville, Sept. 13, 1858).

We who have accepted the gospel of Jesus Christ not only share this heritage of political freedom, but we have a more sure knowledge in the revealed word of God that free agency is a fixed and an eternal principle. We know that it operated in the heavens before the world was. We know that it was the issue which divided the spirit hosts and brought the war in heaven, and we know that free agency triumphed in that conflict.

The second truth to which I call your attention is that the statement in the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that men are endowed by their Creator with the right of liberty, is a divine truth. The Lord said to an ancient prophet, "I gave unto them (men) their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency" (Moses 7:32). And to the Prophet Joseph he said, "I gave unto him (Adam) that he should be an agent unto himself" (D. & C. 29:35).

That this endowment was to all men has been revealed repeatedly. Abraham, for example, taught that the purpose of mortality was to provide men an opportunity to be tested in the exercise of their agency. "We will prove them herewith," he quoted the Lord as saying, "to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them" (Abraham 3:25).

"Wherefore," said Lehi, "the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself . . . . Wherefore, men are free" . . . (2 Nephi 2:16, 27).

Samuel the Lamanite repeated this truth, saying, "Remember, my brethren . . . ye are free; ye are permitted to act for yourselves; for behold, God hath given unto you a knowledge and he hath made you free" (Hel. 14:30).

The third truth I wish to call to

your attention is that free agency is a mandatory prerequisite to man's growth and development. Deprived of the liberty and power to make decisions and act upon them, men would be but puppets in the hands of fate, making no progress and developing no character.

The preservation of free agency is more important to individual men and to the race than is the preservation of life itself. Indeed, the independence to act for oneself is life, for without it "there is no existence."

"All truth," says the Lord, "is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for *itself*, as all intelligence also; otherwise there is no existence. Behold, here is the agency of man" (D. & C. 93:30-31).

Now, while it is important to understand that free agency is an established and enduring principle, that all men are by their Creator endowed with it, and that it is a mandatory prerequisite to man's growth and development, still it does not lie in our power in any way to affect these general principles. They will endure because they are eternal. Of far more importance to us, because we can do something about it, is to understand that our personal liberty and freedom depend upon the decisions we make under these eternal principles.

FREE agency is not a one-way street. In and of itself it guarantees neither growth, freedom, nor peace. These consummations hang upon the alternatives elected in its exercise. Every decision one makes affects his own freedom, that is, it broadens or narrows the area in which future decisions may be made. This truth may not be so apparent with respect to minor decisions as it is in major ones, but it is nevertheless always at work. And, as Shakespeare said, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

To take an illustration from another of his plays: "Who can control his fate?" asks the ruined Othello. No one, of course, because one's fate is determined by the alternatives he chooses in making his decisions. But everyone controls his option, that is, chooses his alternatives. Othello himself had independently evolved the decision which fixed his fate. You will recall when he entered Desdemona's bedchamber, where he was eventually to smother her, he saw the lamp and said: "Put out the light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again the former light restore, Should I repent me." Then turning to Desdemona, he said: "But once put out thy light, thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat that can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, it must needs wither."

It seems to me that the rise and fall of civil liberties in nations testify conclusively to the controlling effect decisions of men have upon their freedom. Our generation has seen free agency die in nation after nation, following the people's decision to adopt Fascism, Nazism, socialism or communism. What

would not the folks behind the Iron Curtain today give if they could again exercise their choice between a republican form of government, as set up under the Constitution of the United States, and communism!

It seems to me, says one author, that history is a "mere record of blundering option followed by iron servitude to the irremediable suffering thereby entailed."

Enoch, beholding in vision the heavens and God himself weeping over the wickedness of mortal men, inquired, "How is it that the heavens weep, and shed forth their tears as the rain upon the mountains?" And "how is it that thou canst weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?"

And the Lord answered:

> Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency; And unto thy brethren have I said, and also given commandment, that they should love one another, and that they should choose me, their Father; but behold, they are without affection, and they hate their own blood; And the fire of mine indignation is kindled against them; and in my hot displeasure will I send in the floods upon them . . . and misery shall be their doom; and the whole heavens shall weep over them, even all the workmanship of mine hands; wherefore should not the heavens weep, seeing these shall suffer? (Moses 7:32 ff.)

THE teachings of the scriptures are crystal clear as to the consequences which follow the alternatives involved in the making of decisions.

"Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse;" said Moses, "a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God . . . And a curse, if ye will not obey (them)" (Deut. 11:26-28).

"Men . . . are free to choose liberty and eternal life . . . or to choose captivity and death," taught Lehi (2 Nephi 2:27).

And Nephi said that those of this our generation who persist in making wrong decisions will be "brought down into captivity . . . and destruction, both temporally and spiritually." The "captivity and death" here referred to involve a restriction of the area of one's choices.

Tom Collins—pen name of an Australian author—points up the manner by which such a restriction comes about, in his rather unusual treatment of the parable of the prodigal son:

> A young man has reached an absolute poise of incentive. He tosses a shekel. "Heads—I go and see life; tails—I stay at home. Heads it is. The alternative is accepted; whereupon destiny puts in her poke, bringing such vicissitudes as are inevitable on the initial option. In due time, another alternative presents itself, and the poise of incentive recurs. The Prodigal spits on a chip, and tosses it. "Wet—I crawl back home; dry—I see it out. Wet it is." So he goes to meet the ring, and the robe, and the fatted calf. His latter alternative has taken him home; and a felicitous option on his father's part has given him a welcome. But the earlier alternative is following him up, for the farm is gone. The "father" himself cannot undo the effect of the foregone choice. . . . Such momentous alternatives are simply the voluntary rough hewings of our own end. Collins, *Such Is Life*, the University of Chicago Press, pp. 85-88).

Now, I am not saying there is no recovery from a wrong decision. Two of the most glorious principles

of the gospel—repentance and forgiveness—make a recovery possible. But the farther one goes in the making of wrong decisions, the more difficult it is to recover, that is, to repent and gain forgiveness. And one can, by persisting long enough, reach the point of no return. He has then become an abject slave. By the exercise of his free agency he has contracted the area in which he can act almost, if not quite, to the vanishing point.

Samuel, the Lamanite prophet, speaking to those who so persist, says:

> In the days of your poverty ye shall cry unto the Lord; and in vain shall ye cry, for your desolation is already come upon you, and your destruction is made sure; and then shall ye weep and howl in that day . . . and say . . . O that we had repented in the day that the word of the Lord came unto us . . . Behold, we are surrounded by demons, yea, we are encircled about by the angels of him who hath sought to destroy our souls. . . . O Lord, canst thou not turn away thine anger from us? And this shall be your language in those days. But behold, your days of probation are past; ye have procrastinated the day of your salvation until it is everlastingly too late, and your destruction is made sure (Hel. 13:32 ff.).

THESE poor souls have placed themselves in the power of Lucifer and his followers, who, as you remember, became "perdition." Their final fate is to be cast out into outer darkness, such punishment being the natural consequence of the alternative they elected in the making of decisions. The fact that they were originally endowed by their Creator with free agency does not save them from the most awful bondage, the bondage of sin.

Just as the making of wrong decisions in the exercise of free agency limits future choices and, persisted in, results in slavery, so the making of right decisions enlarges the area of future choices and leads to perfect freedom. The sustained course of our fathers for more than 700 years, marked by King John's signing of the Great Charter, the contributions of the Pilgrims, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the winning of the Revolution, the adoption of the Constitution, the abolishment of slavery, the extension of suffrage to the negro by the fifteenth amendment and to women by the nineteenth amendment, established the widest political freedoms and civil liberties recorded in secular history. God grant that this generation shall not throw them all away.

Each of the above steps promoted liberty because they were in harmony with the divine law of free agency. And the final truth is that the adoption of every alternative harmonizing with divine law leads to liberty. "Obedience to law is liberty."

The apostle James characterizes the teachings of Christ as "the perfect law of liberty." He, of course, got this doctrine from the Savior, who said to "those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:31-32). And "if the Son . . . shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John 8:36).

The fourth book of Nephi gives an account of a people who approached this freedom through electing to follow the teachings of Jesus:

> And there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another. And they had all things common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor, bond and free, but *they were all made free*, and partakers of the heavenly gift . . . . And there were great and marvelous works wrought by the disciples of Jesus, insomuch that they did heal the sick, and raise the dead, and cause the lame to walk, and the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear. . . . And the Lord did prosper them exceedingly (4 Nephi 2 ff.).

They multiplied and waxed strong in the land:

> . . . and became an exceedingly fair and delightsome people and they were married, and given in marriage . . . . And . . . there was no contention in the land, because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people. And there were no envyings, nor strifes, nor tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God (4 Nephi 10 ff.).

Contrast, if you will, the joyous state of this free and happy people with the torture of those enslaved souls described by Samuel the Lamanite, crying in vain for God to deliver them from the torment of the demons by whom they were encircled. And remember that the whole difference between their circumstances came about as the inevitable result of the decisions they had made in the exercise of their agency.

JUST as Satan became "perdition" through the exercise of his agency, so Jesus became "the Christ, the Son of the Living God," through the exercise of his. And he has said that men, all men, who will endure to the end in electing to follow him may become perfect as he and his Father are perfect.

"I give unto you these sayings," he states, "that you may understand and know how to worship, and know what you worship, that you may come unto the Father in my name, and in due time receive of his fulness. For if you keep my commandments you shall receive of his fulness, and be glorified in me as I am in the Father" (D. & C. 93:19-20).

Now the realization that our personal liberty and freedom depend upon the decisions we make ought to inspire in us a desire and a determination to elect such alternatives as will preserve and enlarge our freedoms. Possessed of such a purpose one is constantly faced with the problem of discerning the destination to which an alternative leads. I am persuaded that the lack of this power of discernment accounts for much of the confusion in the world. There are many people desiring to make proper choices, but unable to tell where an alternative will lead. There is a crying need today for men to act upon Mormon's counsel:

> Take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God, or that which is good and of God to be of the devil. . . . See that ye do not judge wrongfully; for with that same judgment which ye judge ye shall also be judged. Wherefore, I beseech of you, brethren, that ye should search diligently in the light of Christ that ye may know good from evil . . . (Moroni 7:14 ff.).

I would that we might all enjoy the blessing recently pronounced

upon the head of a young lad. "You have the power of discernment," said the patriarch, "to look forward into the future and discern and understand the results which come from righteous living . . . . You can recognize the effect of evil tendencies even in their beginning. . . . You are, as it were, a watchman upon the tower of Zion, because of this power which the Lord has blessed you with and this understanding which you have and which will grow with you through your years to see and understand the results, which are small in their beginning."

If you would possess this great blessing, follow Mormon's admonition to "search diligently in the light of Christ that ye may know good from evil." If you will do so with the courage to choose the good, we shall preserve and extend the civil liberties won for us in the long struggle between 1215 and 1920. And if we endure to the end in choosing proper alternatives in making our decisions, we shall continue in the word of Christ and by the truth be made free indeed, as Jesus said. May God grant that it may be so, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sublimity

Bertha A. Kleinman

Do you only sing when your soul is filled
With the joy of a perfect day?
Do you only smile when your heart is thrilled
With the good you long to say?
Do you only give when prosperity
Enlivens your generous hand,
Or when bounty invokes your charity
To pity and understand?

I have seen you smile when I knew your soul
Was bordering on despair;
I have heard you sing with a courage whole
To cover the heartache there;
I have seen your stature and fortitude
Expand in adversity,
And your courage wrung from a self subdued
Merge into sublimity.

Be Sure to Register So You Can Vote In the November 4th Election!

A Case for Martha

PART I

Hannah Smith

"... Martha was cumbered about much serving" (Luke 10:40).

AFTERWARDS, it seemed to Janet that the whole idea, complete, came to her in the shattered splinter of time in which she fell off the stepstool in the service porch. Probably the thought had been growing, silently and secretly, in the depths of her rebellious mind ever since the first of the summer when Frances Brooker arrived to collaborate with Dave on a classical literature transcription series. But at least it had stayed buried firmly in her subconscious until the minute when the stepstool teetered and she'd shut her eyes firmly and not been able to catch herself as she tipped over backwards with an ear-splitting scream.

If you had told Janet Winters at the first of the summer, before Frances Brooker came, that she'd welcome being laid up in bed, she'd never have believed you, for Janet, sitting on her front porch on a sunny Memorial Day afternoon, was a happy woman, burstingly, consciously happy, with a sense of quiet ecstasy born of a delight in the day and the various facets of her life.

The clatter of Dave's typewriter from the study upstairs brought to her mind her husband's clever, ugly face and deep drawl, the warmth of their easy companionship. With summer vacation approaching, Dave's classes in classical literature at the university were nearly over and he was plunging into three months of work on a long-dreamed-of project, the phonograph recording of a series of classical stories in modern vernacular and setting.

Janet, her agate eyes glinting amusedly, thought of the many times she'd watched him stride up and down, ruffling his sandy hair with a long nervous hand, while he orated on this pet project of his.

"I'd start with Beowulf and work straight through. No bedtime story atmosphere, either," he'd say. "If I'm lucky, I'll get Frederick March or Helen Hayes or Laughton to do the narration. Try to capture the rhythm of the original in early English translation, but put the stories into the language and surroundings of today."

And his voice would take on a familiar sonorous note, as if he himself were Paul Muni or Charles Laughton telling the story of an ancient battle or incident in twentieth century words.

Around the corner of the house their daughter Barbie, age eight, was playing paper dolls with Pauline, her playmate from next door. Janet, without moving her braid-wrapped head from the porch pillar, could see her daughter vividly, the animated freckled face a small feminine carbon of Dave's, the gaps in her teeth giving her smile a jack-o'-lantern look.

Behind Janet on the porch stood a blue bassinet, and in it, with his small posterior humped in the air, slept David Carter Winters, II, the crowning jewel in Janet Winters' delightful kingdom. She put her hand back and touched the basket gently, as if to reassure herself of the incredible reality of Cart's existence.

Inside her house, everything was in glittering, impeccable order, awaiting the arrival of their summer house guest. Janet ran a quick mental eye over her world—newly waxed floors, freshly laundered curtains, refrigerator filled with company fare . . . .

"Oh, oh, what a beautiful day," she sang, softly and tunelessly, filled with a great, rich sense of well-being, as she waited for the unfamiliar outline of Frances Brooker's car down the street.

MISS Brooker—or rather, Dr. Brooker, was a professor at an eastern college and an authority in Dave's own field. He'd felt incredibly lucky when, after a year's exchange of letters about the recording project, Dr. Brooker had agreed to spend the summer in Denver collaborating on the series. Janet had insisted on inviting Miss Brooker to stay at the house, although Dave had protested the idea.

"Let her rent a room somewhere near," he'd said, "I'll see enough of her in the daytime without having her around the house in the evening."

"I get tired of conversations about formulas and carrots and vacuum cleaners," Janet told him. "I'd like to know a woman like Dr. Brooker —someone who has read everything and been everywhere. It'll be wonderful to have her around the place."

"I'll have to wear a bathrobe in the hall, I suppose," Dave had grumbled, giving in.

And now Dr. Brooker was coming. In fact, precisely on time, she had come. Janet rose from the step and ran down the walk as a dusty black coupe drew up at the curb and a tall woman in a rumpled gray suit slid out from under the steering wheel.

Janet, receiving her firm, cordial handshake, liked her instantly. There was an easy friendliness about the newcomer—short curly hair beneath a casual felt, a mobile, handsome face devoid of make-up, lively gray eyes below crooked black eyebrows. Under Dr. Brooker's quizzical smile, however, Janet felt herself flushing and wished she'd changed into something a little more adult-looking than her yellow pinafore.

But the visitor was looking beyond her, beaming warmly at Dave, who, hair rumpled and tie askew, was loping down the steps three at a time.

Frances Brooker skirted Janet quickly and advanced to meet Dave with long, graceful strides. "Dr. Winters! This is a pleasure! I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed your letters. I have a trunkful of notes ready—and I'm extremely anxious to get started!"

"Fine!" Dave had pulled his tie still farther out of line and returned Dr. Brooker's handshake with enthusiasm. "You met Jan, didn't you?"

THE tall woman smiled benignly in Jan's direction. "Yes, I did." Again her glance made Janet feel somehow absurd and childish, even though the other woman's voice was cordial.

"It's nice of you to take me in, Mrs. Winters. I hope you won't treat me as a guest this summer. You'll find me an odd duck, I know." Her gaze shifted humorously to Dave and her laugh was a low, enchanting chuckle. "I'm not very aware of my surroundings, I'm afraid. Just give me a sandwich now and then, a cot and a typewriter, and I'll be happy."

Dave laughed in response as he put a husbandly arm across Janet's shoulders. "You'll get more than that, whether you want it or not. Jan is a high-powered housewife."

Frances Brooker's smile at Jan was genial. "I'm sure of that. I suppose you help Dr. Winters a good deal with his work, too?"

Janet was furious with herself for stuttering. "Well, I d-d-did, but . . . ."

Dave hooted fondly, "Jan? Can't get her to sit still long enough. Jet-propelled, cleaning, cooking . . . ."

"Really?" In one word the newcomer had catalogued her neatly—and disappointedly—Janet felt. Illogically annoyed with Dave, she opened her mouth to defend herself, but Dr. Brooker had turned and was hauling brief cases and filing folders from her car. While Janet hovered awkwardly on the curb, the newcomer carried on a running volley of shop talk with Dave, a jumble that included comments on the life of Chaucer, the best make of portable typewriter, the distance from New England to Colorado, and the price of transcription records.

"I'll get your room ready," Janet said humbly and went toward the house, feeling vaguely let down.

The sight of the guest room cheered her, however. She stood for a minute in the doorway admiring the new chintz draperies and matching box spread. She'd made them herself the week before, and their glowing colors gave the old white-painted furniture a needed air of elegance, she felt. She turned back the bedspread, opened the doors to the wardrobe and the adjoining bathroom, and then ran down the steps to the kitchen, whistling.

Dinner was going to be something quite a little bit beyond the sandwich Dr. Brooker ordered, she thought with pride, as she arranged canapes on a pie plate to be popped into the oven at the last minute. Baked ham and sweet potato puff were Dave's favorites. The orange muffins had been a last minute inspiration, along with the almond slivers in the mixed green salad. Barbie, impressed by the presence of a guest, made no objection to eating her dinner early from the kitchen table.

IT was with a fine sense of the dramatic that Janet announced, "Dinner is served, Dr. Brooker, Dave," and opened the double doors to reveal the round mahogany dining table spread with lace, the candlelight, and settings for three.

Frances Brooker turned slightly to acknowledge the interruption, but without a break in the incisive flow of her dissertation.

"Minute, dear," Dave mumbled, rising, but his eyes were abstracted and fixed on Dr. Brooker's intense, animated face.

The conversation became general at the table.

"What story do you intend to dramatize first?" Janet asked Dr. Brooker, who had nibbled absently at the hot crab-flake canape and now sat sipping her glass of water.

The other woman looked questioningly at Dave before answering. "Well, I hadn't discussed that yet with Dr. Winters, but I have an idea I should like to begin with a certain simple little story from the New Testament. . . ."

Frances Brooker put down her fork and leaned forward to look at Dave, her gray eyes glowing. "This may seem strange to you, Dr. Winters, but I'd like to begin with a favorite of mine—the story of Mary and Martha in the King James version."

Dave was surprised. "Really? Why?"

"Well, I think the story is a little classic that could portray a profound lesson to modern-day Americans. Don't you think the two women are perfect modern prototypes?"

Dave leaned his elbows on the table. "I don't . . . ."

"The country is full of busy, fretting Marthas, both male and female, so intent on making a living, eating rich food, buying lavish, elaborate clothing, that they lose sight of our best American tradition, the tradition of Emerson and Thoreau . . . ."

"Plain living and high thinking!" Dave finished with relish. "That's a good point! I like it. Then how would you develop the story?"

FRANCES Brooker's eyes were dreamy; her voice was rich and slow. "Well, I believe I'd make the setting one of a row of suburban bungalows. (No, thank you, Mrs. Winters, I never eat ham.) I'd begin the script with Martha—a high, harassed housewife's voice, complaining about the cost of living, the price of shoes, the difficulty of obtaining fresh eggs at the grocers. Then I'd interject Mary's voice—low, unhurried, sweet . . . ."

"Discussing the beauty of the day, maybe?" Dave nodded, his eyes kindling.

"Exactly!"

Color ran up Janet's cheeks. "I always wondered about the story of Mary and Martha," she said, fighting down a note of tension in her voice. "I never did believe that Christ was reproaching Martha for cooking his food or caring for the house. I always felt that the point of the story was, that she was, well, cumbered with much serving . . . ." Janet stumbled along earnestly, trying to put her idea across.

Dave's laugh and Dr. Brooker's had the same indulgent note. Janet's flush deepened.

Although Dave's voice was casual, Janet squirmed under the reproof she thought she heard in it. "Jan feels a little touchy because the story hits her," he said teasingly. "I tell her every day that she works too hard."

"I do get creative satisfaction from housework," Janet said defensively, trying to keep her voice light.

DR. Brooker shook her head in friendly reproof. "I'll have to be very stern with you, Janet," she said. "You put away these lace tablecloths and all this fragile crystal. Feed us on simpler food, too, and then you can spend your time on pleasanter things. Your husband tells me you had a drama major in school; I'm sure you could give us some valuable pointers on the transcribing."

"That's a swell idea!" Dave sounded so enthusiastic that Janet hated herself for her petty, irrational feeling of irritation toward their visitor. She's trying to be friendly, to include me, she reminded herself sternly.

In the kitchen, Janet spoke sternly again to herself. She *did* like too many frills, too many extra touches about her housekeeping. She loved to wax and starch and scour and polish. For the first time she wondered if Dave had felt she neglected him for the house, the children. Until tonight everything had seemed all right. If only Frances Brooker hadn't made her suggestions in front of Dave, though!

When Janet returned to the dining room, their guest had risen from the table and glanced with startled amusement at Janet. "Oh, so many dishes!" she said, looking through the kitchen door and shaking her handsome head. "Why don't you stack them, Janet, and come and talk?"

It seemed too quibbling to explain that the dishes would still be in the sink next morning to add extra complication to the confusion of the breakfast hour, with Cart waiting for his bath, Barbie hungry and voluble, to rush off to school, and the usual baby laundry and house cleaning ahead of her.

"I'll come and visit later," she replied.

Dave patted her shoulder affectionately.

"Martha! Martha!" he said—and then he followed Frances Brooker out on to the porch.

(*To be concluded*)

* * * *

Autumn

Christie Lund Coles

The willow-fingers fall about me
And speak to themselves in the stream's glass;
The dust rises and the crickets chirp
In the seared, spent grass.

And I, grown older suddenly,
Remembering the lush warm summer, stand
Strangely eager to allay the hour
Of frost upon the land.

Your Child Is an Individual

Celia Luce

A teacher lined the children up on the playground for a race. "Ready, set, go!" and they were off.

"Now," said the teacher at the end of the race, "did you all finish the race at the same time?"

"Of course not."

"Larry, here, came in first," went on the teacher. "Does that mean that Larry is any better person than Tommy who was near the last? Tommy was running as hard as he could and ran a fine race, but he couldn't catch Larry. But Tommy can play baseball better than Larry. Shall we judge the boys in our class by how fast they run or how well they play baseball?"

"Foolish, isn't it? But no more foolish than trying to judge the students in this class by how well they read or how well they do their arithmetic. Each of you should be judged by how hard you are working and how much you are improving, rather than by how you compare with others."

If we parents could only feel this way and work for such an understanding! Each parent, naturally, would like to be able to say to himself, "See what a wonderful child I have! He is the brightest one in his class." However, usually if a child doesn't progress rapidly in his school studies, the parent's pride is hurt, and the child is made to feel that he has, somehow, failed his parents. He may be doing the very best he can, but he has failed anyhow. He is up against something too big for him, and so he soon stops trying. He takes on the defeated look common to "slow" children.

This is unnecessary. Lacking ability to be outstanding in school subjects does not mean that a child is not intelligent. In reading biographies of great men one is surprised to learn how often they did not progress well in school. Thomas A. Edison was kept home from school because his teacher reported he was unable to learn anything there.

There are many reasons why a brilliant child may be slow in school. Perhaps he has home problems. Often a child from a home where he doesn't feel loved and needed and wanted and secure can't think about arithmetic or reading. Or he may feel that effort is useless since no one at home really cares.

Bad health can effectively slow a child down. Poor school work is often a danger signal showing the need for a thorough physical examination.

Poor eyesight and hearing also may make a child seem backward. A physical checkup should include a thorough check on eyes and ears.

OR a child's outstanding abilities may not be in the line of lesson work. And children in school are usually judged only by the kind of intelligence that applies to lesson work. Equally important is mechanical intelligence. Some chil-

dren who are slow in school are practically geniuses when it comes to making things and working with engines and tools. These children have just as much of a chance to be successful adults as the child who reads well. They should never be branded as slow, but appreciated and praised instead.

Then there is social intelligence, and it does not necessarily go with good school work. A person who gets along well with other people is a successful person. He is liked and often advanced rapidly in jobs. He is a leader.

Many teachers realize this situation and would much rather talk over a child's problems with his parents rather than send home a slip of paper that brands a hard-working child as doing unsatisfactory work.

The child who is working in school and doing his best deserves the satisfaction of a job well done. He should receive praise from his teacher and parents no matter how he compares with others.

No parent would deny a child food and stunt him physically, yet many well-meaning parents will stunt a child's personality by insisting that he is a failure in life because he can't be a superior student no matter how hard he tries. Every person on earth has the need to feel important, to feel satisfaction within himself, to feel worthwhile and needed. A sense of failure makes a person stop trying, in fact, makes him almost unable to try.

Let us then, as parents, make the most of a child's good points, appreciate him for what he is, and free him to do his best.

* * * *

In Lieu of Brush

Alice Whitson Norton

If I possessed the gift to draw,
I'd paint a garden place
All hedged around with hollyhocks
And dainty Queen Anne's lace.

And sure I'd paint a weathered church,
With graceful rising spire;
And woods wrapped in a flaming coat
Of autumn's vivid fire.

But since I cannot use a brush
For painting even birds,
I'll strive to make my pictures clear
Through gracious, shining words.

— *Be Sure to Vote on November 4th!* —

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

INTERESTING ITEM FROM PROVO, UTAH: We desire to inform all those having cocoons to reel that we have engaged the services of a competent reeler. Those wishing cocoons worked up can confer with the President of the Silk Association. Also wish to state that we are having a number of dress goods woven at the Provo mill and we are about to make a Silk Flag for the World's Fair, also a silk shawl and other minor articles. —M. A. Till

A PIONEER ADDRESS (Delivered at the celebration in Provo, July 24, 1892): Truly this is the day when every man and woman who has been the recipient of the God given privilege of this Divinely favored land, between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast, should bow their heads in humble reverence, and lift their hearts in earnest praise and thanksgiving to their Father in heaven for this day—the anniversary of that day when the brave and inspired band pitched their scorched and tattered tents in the Great Salt Lake Valley and seized upon the key that opened up to our race the new and golden world . . . . —Electa Bullock

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

Near half a century now hath fled
  Since thou an infant lay—
On rapid wings the years have sped,
  The moments passed away.
They have not idly passed we know,
  For thou, dear, noble one,
Among the humble, weak and low
  Thy willing work hast done.

—Alofa

WHY SO MANY MEN DO NOT MARRY: If a man looks upon marriage as a divine command, he will be looking for a whole-souled woman to link her destiny with his, and if he is worthy of that kind of a woman he will be preparing to take care of her and her children. But if he is like a great many of the young men among us . . . who cannot keep out of debt on a steady salary of $2.00 per day with no one but themselves to keep, a young lady would display a great deal of courage to join . . . with such a man, even if she should get the chance . . . . How many of our young ladies today are working in factories, in stores, in schools, cleaning, washing, ironing . . .and in numerous ways earning their living, and bid fair from all appearance, to go to their graves unwed, while the young man with nearly always a salary double the size of theirs . . . cannot keep out of debt and afford to marry . . . . —C.C.R.W.

RELIEF SOCIETY NOTE FROM IDAHO: I had the honor with Stake President Temperance Hinckley, to accompany Presidents Ricks and his counselors . . . on a tour around the south part of Bannock Stake. We held twenty meetings, traveled two hundred and eleven miles and home again in ten days. We had an enjoyable time, were met with welcome and good cheer . . . . It seems to me that those who desire to live their religion can see the necessity of doing so more and more every day. I can testify to the fact that there is a united band of faithful sisters in the Bannock Stake Relief Society, willing to respond to every call made upon them.

—Mrs. M. S. Anderson

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS DEON NIELSEN, of San Francisco, California, a student at the Brigham Young University, won a $1,000 "Achievement Award" upon her graduation from George Washington High School last year. The award was given to Miss Nielsen for her outstanding accomplishment as a pianist, her activities in home and community life, her leadership, and for a number of character and personality traits. Miss Nielsen is a teacher of piano and is active in Latter-day Saint Church activities.

EVELYN WOOSTER VINER, well-known Latter-day Saint writer, and a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, died in Santa Cruz, California, June 22, 1952. Her poetry, sensitively written, portrayed the joy and beauty of home life and a perceptive appreciation of religion as it influences earth life and our attitudes toward eternal life.

MARIANNE MOORE, eminent poet who recently won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry, has won much acclaim for her *Collected Poems*, published this year by the Macmillan Company. She is also winner of the Bolinger Prize for 1951 and the National Book Award for Poetry.

IN March 1952, Tillie Lewis Day was named Business Woman of the Year (1951) by a poll of women editors of Associated Press newspapers. She demonstrated that the pear-shaped pomodora tomato, previously grown only in Italy, and especially choice for canning, could be cultivated in the San Joaquin Valley in California, and she organized, in Stockton, Flotill Products, rated the largest independent cannery in the world, credited with doing a $20,000,000 annual business.

FRANCES C. YOST, Bancroft, Idaho, won second place in the Magazine Fiction classification of the National Press Women's contest for 1951. This contest was confined to material published by presswomen of America during 1951, and Mrs. Yost's winning contribution was—we are proud to announce—"She Shall Have Music," printed in *The Relief Society Magazine* for March 1951.

AURANIA ROUVEROL ("Bob" or Aurania Ellerbeck of Salt Lake City) has written several stage and moving picture successes, including "Skidding," which created the Hardy Family, later of radio screen fame.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 SEPTEMBER 1952 NO. 9

Vote in the November Election!

"Wherefore, honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold" (D. & C. 98:10).

THIS commandment of the Lord enjoins every Latter-day Saint citizen of the United States both to seek out and uphold honest, good, and wise men in government. As with all other commandments of the gospel, the responsibility rests upon the individual who will be answerable for his actions or inaction in this regard.

The Relief Society general board, through the Relief Society publication, *The Relief Society Magazine*, takes this opportunity to call to the attention of all Latter-day Saint women who are United States citizens, the obligation for each woman to study the issues of the day, the characters and actions of those aspiring to office, and their views on the issues, and then make sure she is registered and votes on election day, November 4, 1952, in line with her findings.

Each woman may have guidance in her decisions. In the first place she knows that the Constitution of the United States was inspired of God and embodies principles which allowed the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be established within its borders. She also knows that this was the only country wherein the Church could have been established. She may evaluate different principles, then, which are advocated as being good in proportion to their agreement with the Constitution of the United States and the eternal principles of the gospel. She may also study the advice and warnings of General Authorities of the Church and follow their counsel. Probably vital declarations will be made at the forthcoming general Church conference in October by prophets of the Lord.

Latter-day Saint women have a long history in exercising the voting privilege. From the time that the gospel was restored, women members voted alongside the brethren on all matters submitted for vote to the general Church membership. In subsequent years whenever Church principles prevailed in government, women were given the franchise. Thus, a Latter-day Saint woman was the first woman in the United States to vote. During the turbulent years prior to 1920 while the women of the United States were seeking the vote, Latter-day Saint women were friends and loyal supporters of Susan B. Anthony and other women leaders of the United States whose efforts and struggles resulted in the adoption of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution in 1920, giving women of the United States the right to vote.

At that time and previously, fears were often expressed that if women

were given the vote, where they were in the majority they could vote all men out of office. Such a situation has never materialized and to Latter-day Saints it would seem a most regrettable condition should it ever come. To vote for a candidate because of the sex of an individual would not be following the admonition of the Lord who declares *honesty, goodness,* and *wisdom* as the necessary qualifications for office holders—not sex.

Every qualified Latter-day Saint woman should vote. The indifferent and neglectful citizen who does not vote might fall into the category spoken of by the Savior, "because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

For a number of years, Relief Society members have been given the opportunity, in their social science course, of studying courses on government; the 134th section of the Doctrine and Covenants "Declaration of Belief regarding Governments and Laws in general; and the progress of man toward freedom since the perfect government as given to Adam was lost by man. In addition to the information learned from these studies, it is possible, through modern inventions, not only to hear prospective candidates discuss current problems, setting forth their own opinions, one may now also see them speaking. In such seeing and hearing, however, it is well to keep in mind that one is not judging the handsome face, the musical voice, nor even the pleasing personality, one is judging the honesty, goodness, and wisdom of the candidate.

This is a crucial period in the history of the United States. Latter-day Saints know the promises and warnings of the Lord to his people. They know he established the Constitution of this land. They know of the prophesied evils which will fall upon it if the cup of iniquity becomes full. They know that "when the wicked rule the people mourn." They know that the majority of the people get what they want in government.

Now is the time for every Latter-day Saint woman prayerfully and intelligently to seek righteousness of decision that when she votes in November she may obey the commandments of the Lord:

"Wherefore honest men and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men ye should observe to uphold."

—M. C. S.

* * * *

Opportunity

Grace Sayre

This magic key I made today
I shall not need for yesterday,
But lest I want or beg or borrow,
I keep this key to use tomorrow.

— *Be Sure to Vote on November 4th!* —

Notes TO THE FIELD

Annual General Relief Society Conference

THE annual general Relief Society conference will be held Wednesday and Thursday, October 1 and 2, 1952. On Thursday afternoon in the Tabernacle, a meeting will be held to which the general membership of Relief Society and the public are invited. The attendance at the meetings on Wednesday and on Thursday morning is limited to stake and mission officers.

Buying Textbooks for Relief Society Lessons

FROM inquiries which come to the general board it would seem that some Relief Society officers and class leaders are not acquainted with the recommended procedure for acquiring necessary textbooks for lessons.

The education counselor in both the stake and ward should present to the president of the respective organizations a list of the textbooks which will be needed to teach the Relief Society lessons during the coming season. She should then be authorized to purchase these books with funds from the Relief Society general fund. The education counselor should see that the name of the Relief Society organization is written in each book before giving it to the respective stake or ward class leader for her use. At the end of the course the education counselor is responsible for collecting the books and placing them in the Relief Society library.

Where a teacher wishes to purchase her own textbook in order to be able to mark it and keep it after the conclusion of the course, it is recommended that the Relief Society organization should also purchase a textbook: 1. in order that the book may become a part of the Relief Society library; 2. to be available for use by those given special assignments; 3. because a change of teachers might be necessary during the course, and at that time it might be impossible for the Relief Society organization to purchase a copy of the desired textbook.

Education counselors are urged to safeguard Relief Society libraries and to be alert to opportunities of adding to them gifts of Church and other worthwhile books.

"Relief Society Handbook" Available

The Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society is available at the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedure. It includes a detailed index for ready reference and will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers.

Adventure in Glass

IV—Our Nineteenth Century Flint Glasshouses

Alberta H. Christensen
Member, General Board of Relief Society

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century only about nine of the American glasshouses established before 1800 were still in operation. These factories were located near large centers of population, otherwise they could not have survived. Quantities of fine glass were still being imported from England and Ireland, since wealthy Americans were apparently not ready to accept homemade tablewares. Moreover, the English manufacturers had subsidized American glassmakers in order to keep the glass market, so that flint glass manufacture in the Colonies was temporarily in abeyance and only bottles and window glass were being made around 1800.

The tariff of 1824 gave new impetus to the industry, for now American glassmakers could compete and even undersell the foreign products. This resulted in the birth of so many new glassmaking ventures that between 1820 and 1840 at least one hundred factories are known to have been in operation in the United States. The story of their struggles, success, and the nature of their products makes interesting reading, but in this brief resume we can consider only a few of those which operated over a long period of time, or in some way contributed a direct influence on the progress of American glassmaking.

Bakewell and Page

For the re-establishment of the flint-glass industry in the early nineteenth century we are indebted to two men of English descent who began construction of a glasshouse in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Lack of funds caused them to sell their uncompleted venture to Benjamin Bakewell and Benjamin Page, both from Derby, England. These men brought the factory to completion, and the firm eventually was known as Bakewell and Page. From the beginning, the Pittsburgh glasshouse was known for the quality and brilliance of its metal and its fine cutting. In fact, the Bakewell firm was probably the only one in 1819 producing cut and engraved tableware. The first crystal chandelier made in America is supposed to have come from the Bakewell factory. Cut glass of American manufacture was a novelty and attracted a great deal of interest throughout the country.

Many glasshouses were to be erected in the Pittsburgh area, but the Bakewell firm had the longest continuous existence of any of them, remaining in operation until 1882. Although a great deal of early American glass is recognized as coming from the Pittsburgh houses, it is not easy to attribute it to a definite maker. Much of it is not cut, but blown-molded in the method used by Stiegel, and appears in rich tones of blue or amethyst, and occasionally emerald green.

The New England Glass Company

In 1818, the great New England

Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

Amberina Art Glass (rich amber-to-ruby color) fluted bowl with twisted handle (center); left, small bowl; right, Pomona cream pitcher, made by the New England Glass Company, about 1885.

Glass Company, which was to become one of the largest manufacturers of glass in the world, was organized in East Cambridge, Massachusetts, and from the beginning it assumed and maintained a prominent position in our glassmaking world. Its fine flint wares were cut and engraved, all kinds of household and tablewares being made. We read that throughout its long career this company produced glass which for quality and purity was not excelled by any other manufacturer in America, or for that matter in any country. William Libby and his son, Edward, became associated with the New England glass company and took over the business in 1880 at a time when striking colors were popular in glassware. Young Libby encouraged experimentation and as a result, new types of glass were "invented," the best known being *Amberina*, *Peachblow*, and *Pomona*. The most popular was the Amberina, which was a rich ruby red, shading to pale amber, and produced by reheating parts of the object. The term Peachblow was suggested by a famous Chinese peachbloom vase, which brought a great price at auction in the early 1880's.

The ware produced by the New England Company ran from opaque white to deep rose. Although other glasshouses produced a similar product (but in different colors), the New England Company is usually credited with originating this particular glassware.

A later and far greater contribution of the Libby firm was a development in glassmaking technique. All glass had until 1900 been either hand-blown, molded, pressed, or made by a combination of these techniques, and by a few skilled workmen. Here, for the first time, was developed a wholly automatic glass-blowing machine, and it

resulted in tremendous progress toward more economic production of bottles, tumblers, and even stemware.

In the 1880's, after natural gas was discovered in northern Ohio, Edward Libby moved his plant to Toledo. With a rich background of glassmaking tradition, the Libby Company is still making glass of high quality, keeping pace with the tastes and needs of the American people. The trend toward more casual living has prompted the output of inexpensive tableware which retains the beauty of old New England glass but is moderate enough in price for almost any homemaker to own.

Boston and Sandwich Glass

More articles and books have been written and more human interest stories told about the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company than about any other glass factory in the United States if not in the world. There has also been a good deal of misinformation circulated about this company and its founder who was its animating spirit for over thirty years.

Deming Jarves, descended from a Huguenot family, was the first manager of the New England Glass Company in Cambridge, but upon inheriting some wealth at the death of his father, he began a new glass venture at Sandwich, Massachusetts, which was incorporated in 1826 as the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company. His previous experience at Cambridge and his own inherent qualities of resourcefulness and business insight were demonstrated in the advantageous location he picked for his glassworks and in the men he selected to be associated

Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

At left, Peachblow (white to deep rose) bowl, and, right, Cameo glass vase, made by the New England Glass Company.

Metropolitan Museum

FLASK OF FILIGREE GLASS
Alternating White and Colored Ribbons
Nicholas Lutz, Boston and Sandwich Glass Company

with him. The little village of Sandwich, lying at the foot of Cape Cod, between Buzzard's Bay and Cape Cod Bay, was selected because of the abundance of timber for fuel. However, the agent sent by Jarves to arrange the land purchase was more than ambitious, for the company found itself owning twenty-two thousand acres of forest.

Jarves brought with him glassworkers from Boston. Some were imported from England, and, later, skilled laborers from Ireland, France, and Belgium were employed, including an expert mold maker. Jarves built houses for his workmen, helped them to furnish them on easy terms, and constructed a horse railroad to carry freight from the harbor to the plant. In fact he was the central figure in the life of Sandwich, the town that "glass built." Considering the Old Colony railroad rates too high, Jarves threatened to build a steamer to carry his product to Boston. Laughing, one of the men replied that the acorn from which the oak would grow to provide lumber for the ship had not yet been planted.

"Wait and see," answered Jarves. He built the steamer, christened it the "Acorn," and it carried the glass freight to Boston. The acorn was a favorite motif for glass pressed at Sandwich.

Within the factory he encouraged his best men to experiment with mixtures and colors rewarding them for their success. He also communicated to his trusted men his

Metropolitan Museum

CLEAR GLASS ENGRAVED VASE
American—early 19th Century

Courtesy O. M. Burch
From Toledo, Ohio, Museum of Art

Fine Pressed (flint) Glass compote and pitcher, sharp diamond pattern, made by the New England Glass Company, 1865-70.

industrial ideals, his regard for fine workmanship, and his love for beautiful colors.

From the very beginning the Sandwich factory ranked with the New England Glass Company and the Bakewells of Pittsburgh in the quality of its output—these three being the most successful glass companies operating in the United States at that time.

The diversity of the glass produced at Sandwich is amazing, ranging all the way from thirty-eight pound punch bowls, to miniature children's playthings. There were dainty vases in every form and pattern, pressed tableware, lacy cup plates, lamps, and candlesticks, clear and ruby cut glass, enameled Bristol type mugs, heavy pressed celery vases that had little to recommend them, as well as blown pieces of great delicacy and beauty.

The Sandwich Company was at the height of its financial prosperity during the seventies and even survived the panic of 1873, but when Jarves resigned management of the company in 1858 the glass industry was merging into the mid-Victorian era of mass production. Factories were springing up like mushrooms throughout the Midwest. Cheaper transportation by river and nearness to coal fields gave them almost a monopoly of Western and Southern business.

Meanwhile, a formula for lime-glass, which was less expensive than the fine flint (lead) metal, had been discovered at the Hobbs Brockunier Glass Works in Virginia, and the Midwestern factories were using it

successfully. Labor strife also increased, and the Sandwich Company finally attempted to meet the competition by producing tableware sets of limeglass, along with its finer wares. Its illustrious career was brought to an end after sixty years of successful operation. Several attempts to reopen the Sandwich works were later made, but all were short-lived. One attempt was by William Swansey (1904), but this also was unsuccessful, and in 1907 its doors closed, never to open again.

Deming Jarves had no Boswell to preserve for future generations the details of his personal life and idealism, but recent lovers of the Sandwich ware have recovered enough facts regarding him and his adventure in the world of glass to give us much interesting reading. For sixty years the story of Sandwich success could be read in the clouds of smoke rising above the little town of Sandwich. Today, the story is read in the cabinets of collectors, in museums, and in the isolated pieces owned by lovers of beautiful glass.

* * * *

To My Absent Neighbor

Zera Wilde Earl

I passed by your old home this afternoon.
Its fields lay bare in late-fall somnolence;
A cloud of blackbirds rose, then settled on
That row of willows by your pasture fence.

Your vacant house looked wistful, peering through
The naked trees, as though it felt a lack.
Could it be wishing, as I often do,
That you were coming back?

Be Sure to Register So You Can Vote In the November 4th Election!

— Be Sure to Vote on November 4th! —

A Time to Forget

Chapter 3

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: Serena Abbe, who works in San Francisco as a secretary, feels lonely and dispirited over the loss of her fiance, Jim Towers, who has been killed in the war. Unexpectedly, she inherits a walnut farm in the San Vincente Valley. On her first visit to the property she meets Jeff Landeau and his son David, who live on the adjoining farm. Luis Trejeda, a Mexican, who is staying with some laborers on the Landeau property, offers to help Serena with the farm work.

JEFF stretched his long legs and sat upright in the redwood chair. "Luis is a good man, one of those rare things, a truly good man. And reliable, why I'd trust him with anything." Then he turned in his seat, a little frown on his face. "I don't know just how to say this, I don't want to sound maudlin, but I believe that Luis is a man who has found God."

That's it, Serena thought. Luis was at peace with himself.

"Luis has seen dark times," Jeff cut into her thoughts with haste. "I'd want you to know that, but he has come out of them, how I'll never understand. You need have no fear of him." With that he was silent, his eyes closed. Serena felt that he had forgotten her and Luis.

Looking at him, something stirred inside Serena. She felt a quickening of her emotions she could not understand. She looked at Jeff again, still lost in his dark thoughts. There was something about him that reminded her of Jim. Something in the way he moved, the tone of his voice, and his concern about Luis.

Her thoughts came back to Luis. "I still don't know . . . ."

As if he could read her thoughts, Jeff opened his eyes. "What Luis needs most of all is a decent place to live. He has friends. He goes to Church. He's a Mormon, you know. But he has no house. If you could give him his food and a few dollars a month, he'd be content. I'll give him extra work from time to time." He sat on the edge of the chair, waiting for her decision.

"I will try to make some arrangements."

"I have the arrangements so clear in my mind, that I forgot you haven't had time to become acquainted out here," Jeff explained as he stood up. "There's a good enough bed in my barn, all wrapped in canvas. Luis could sleep there in summer. When it gets cold he can move into my basement." He started to move away. "Think it over if you want, but to Luis having a home will be a gift straight from heaven."

Serena jumped to her feet. "I don't have to think it over," she cried, happily excited. "Does he want to start work tomorrow?"

Luis bounded out of the car, tears streaming down his brown, wrinkled face. "God bless you, Mees," he said and bowed. Then he hurried towards the barn.

"Well that's all settled," Jeff Landeau said and he and Luis drove away. Serena watched the car disappear into the twilight of the lane. She had a home, a walnut farm, and a hired man.

ON Monday when she asked for an early vacation, Mr. Green said, "Hold on now. You've already been out there four days. You wait until harvest time. You'll want time off then, and on a farm there'll be emergencies coming up every week or so. You'll want a lot of time off. Better save for it." He turned to his work, grumbling something about needing her now more than ever.

Serena saw the wisdom of his advice and promised to wait.

"When you have an extra load of typing, you can stay out there and do it. That will save commuting." He looked at her as if he thought she might be getting a little weak-minded. Like Jeff Landeau and Mr. Howarth, he thought she should sell the farm.

Serena stayed in town until Friday. Joan Givens, a girl in an adjoining office, offered to take the apartment lease. With that settled, she bought summer cottons for Meadtown and some gay material to cover the somber chairs on the screened porch, along with some new plastic ruffles to enliven the kitchen windows.

Early Friday evening she was ready to leave. Albert, the office boy, had borrowed a pickup from a neighbor who was a house painter. He carried her belongings, radio, pictures, lamps, books, to the paint-stained pickup, and they were off to the San Vincente Valley.

The warm weather was over. Fog hung over the hills on the western rim of the valley, but the stars were bright overhead. Luis had cut the lawns, and the earth was fresh and sweet. Albert, big-eyed and open-mouthed in wonder, stayed for a late supper. There were radishes and sweet, tender peas, along with lettuce barely old enough to be eaten. Luis served, his eyes happy above his white apron. Tomorrow, friends were coming.

Serena fell into the commuter's rhythm. She was up with the sun to find Luis had already arrived, and was squeezing her orange juice and cooking a dish of cereal. She drove to the bus station at Valley Oaks, leaving her car in a parking lot to be retrieved when she came home in the dusk.

After dinner she would sometimes sit in the kitchen awhile with Luis, teaching him English and learning Spanish herself, glad for his sweet face and bright old smile. In the last light of day she walked across the lawns and on the brick paths, telling Luis, before he left for the Landeau place, what was to be done on the morrow.

ALMOST before her eyes the walnut trees came into full leaf, drawing a green curtain between her and the other world. Even the white clapboards of the Landeau place were hidden. She caught no more glimpses of Jeff, moving about his yard, and Mrs. Landeau's trim figure was no more than a shadow against a green curtain. David was out of school, but his play hours were over before she arrived home.

Serena had city friends out almost every week-end. After Miss Wy-

att's first visit, that lady bought herself a new office dress and quit screaming at people. The friends helped with the weeding and watering, and Luis made them the savory, hot dishes of his homeland. Once a week he went into town for a Church meeting, and came home laden with tamales and tortillas. Bread, he said, did not satisfy the hunger.

Often at night Serena was so tired she fell asleep the moment her head reached the pillow. When loneliness came upon her she worked in the vegetable garden or brought greens to the chickens. There was little time for introspection, and at times, in spite of the dread headlines, she knew a kind of peace for the first time in years.

She was wise enough to know that she should find some friends in the community—participate in life and not always be an observer. But she was not quite ready for the plunge. It was Mrs. Hale who forced her decision. There was to be some kind of a community potluck supper, and she insisted Serena go with them. It was on a Friday night, and Serena took a cake. The supper was on the high-school lawn. Serena watched the people come, two by two. Except for one frail old lady of more than eighty years, Serena was the only other single person and, try as she might, she was aloof and lonely. In the city it was easier, girls could go about together, or one could go alone. But it was not participating. She almost envied Luis the companionship and sense of belonging which he found in his Church.

Most of the people on her side of the valley had lived there for generations, since the gold-rush days. Just to look at the big white houses set back from the highway among the walnut trees gave Serena a feeling of permanence. She could wait to know those people, for they would be there for many tomorrows.

There was one exception. Mrs. Landeau should have paid her the courtesy of a call, if only for the sake of business.

ONE Saturday morning Serena was alone. No one was coming out from town, and Luis had gone to do the marketing. She was watering the lawns so that the well could recover for the evening work. Just as she was turning the last valve, she saw the long-awaited Landeau car come down the drive. Only the father and son were in the seat, however.

"Good morning," Jeff Landeau spoke impersonally, as to a stranger. "I've come to take a look at the trees. Have you seen any aphids?"

"Should I?" Serena asked brightly, going to meet him. She would not know an aphid if she saw one.

"You should, if there are any to see." Ignoring her light tone, he walked straight to the trees on the side lawn, examining one leaf after another. She followed, peering at the leaves as he held them in his hand. From the surface of a leaf he flicked off a tiny speck. "When you get more than ten to a leaf, it's time to do something." He walked to another tree.

David walked with him, trying to match his father's long stride. Serena followed behind, the hard pellets of dirt bruising her sandaled

feet when they walked into the orchard.

Turning suddenly, Jeff said, "You need some sensible shoes." He walked on.

She didn't like his tone. "These are cool and light. I like them." She ignored the pain and followed him from tree to tree.

"Do they need dusting?" she asked anxiously.

"Not yet," he said. "We're lucky this year with the ladybug invasion. But if the cool weather continues, you'll have to watch."

For him the conversation was closed. He got into his car and called David, who was watching a blue jay dip its beak into the wet grass.

Serena was not satisfied. "How do you spray?" She really wished to know the process. This man should remember she was a novice.

He waited until David was beside him. "We use nicotine dust," he said, and managed the turn in the driveway.

Of all the disagreeable men! Why did he dislike her so much? And he was always repeating the pattern, ending the conversation abruptly and driving away. She ought to get someone else to care for the orchard. There were a number of other men who would be glad to do it. Yet as a newcomer to the valley, she should be careful. To change might give her a reputation of instability.

In the house she felt restless, even sad. Luis had cleaned the house thoroughly yesterday. She looked at Jim's picture over the living-room desk and went quickly outside. The longing for him was becoming only the memory of a longing, but a persistent memory.

SHE decided to visit Mrs. Hale. She went in and changed to a fresh blue-print dress and put on a pair of heavy hose to protect her feet, for she would be walking.

Mrs. Hale, resting on her front porch, welcomed her warmly, "I was thinking of you this very minute and telling myself I had to get down to see you today." She got slowly to her feet and pulled out an easy chair for Serena. "Now tell me what you've been doing. Have you been lonely?"

"I've just been keeping busy," Serena countered, relaxing in the deep chair and enjoying her neighbor's gay border of purple and cerise petunias. "This morning I was alone, and it seemed a good time to visit you. You know," she smiled at Mrs. Hale as she said it, "you and Mr. Landeau are the only neighbors I know. He's been over several times to see about the orchard, but Mrs. Landeau has never called. It would be easier to do business if she did."

"What Mrs. Landeau?" asked Mrs. Hale testily, her nostrils dilating.

"Mr. Landeau's wife, of course, David's mother." Serena's voice showed her surprise at the question. She wondered if Mrs. Hale had not been listening.

That lady gave a short, knowing laugh. "Don't you know," she asked, leaning towards Serena and lowering her voice confidentially, "that there is no Mrs. Landeau? Beth Landeau died better than five years ago, and Jeff hasn't looked at an-

other woman since." She sighed, enjoying his fidelity. Then with narrowed eyes she looked at Serena.

"I didn't know," faltered Serena, trying to adjust her thoughts. "I just thought there was a Mrs. Landeau. I've seen a woman moving about the yard. I thought she was his wife."

Mrs. Hale chuckled, the superior chuckle of a woman who knows. "That will please Delia. Delia," she said, in answer to the question in Serena's eyes, "is Beth's cousin, and she'll never see sixty again."

"I saw her through the trees, and she has a slender figure," Serena spoke in justification.

"Yes, Delia prides herself on her figure, and her hair doesn't show much gray." She laughed heartily, and Serena knew the lady was already planning how to tell the story.

"You'll just have to forgive me," Mrs. Hale apologized, wiping the tears of laughter from her eyes. "I took it for granted Harriet had told you about the people here."

"They seldom talked of anyone. I met you only because you brought the cake over on Harriet's birthday, remember?"

Mrs. Hale remembered with a nod. "I'll have to tell you about it." She moved her chair closer, settling down for a long, enjoyable tale. "Beth was Beth Henley. At one time her father owned most of the land in this part of the valley. We bought our place from him, and so did all the people from here on into town. Even your place is part of the old Henley farm. Did you know that?"

NOT waiting, Mrs. Hale went on. "And Beth was the only child." She looked at Serena impressively. "She inherited everything her parents had and she inherited almost everything on her mother's side, too. Her inheritance there ran into six figures."

Serena's eyes were wide. She had no idea the story would be so interesting. "Yes, just two years before Beth died, she came into the full inheritance. But this is the part you must hear." Mrs. Hale was almost whispering. "When Jeff Landeau married her, he didn't have a penny except his salary as a high school teacher. He was the high school athletic coach here and taught Spanish, and Meadtown didn't amount to much then, just a little farming village."

"Mr. Landeau wasn't a valley man then?"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Hale's tone implied that this was not in Jeff's favor. "He came from somewhere in the southern part of the State, on the coast, I believe. He was courting Beth the year we came here. Everyone in the valley was watching. We all wondered which one she would take."

"She could have her choice?" Serena asked the question judiciously.

"Choice!" Mrs. Hale might as well have said, Ha! "She could have had her pick of anyone, even if she hadn't had a cent. She was a pretty girl, slender, and about your height, and smart as a whip. Jeff Landeau did well for himself in every way when he married Beth."

Serena felt a tug of sympathy for Jeff Landeau. No wonder he was so grave now.

"It was real love, all right," Mrs. Hale prattled on. "Beth was as crazy about him as he was about her, and they were both crazy about the farm. The old people were alive when they first married, and when he wasn't working in the orchard he was pumping them about walnut raising. He read every bulletin there was and went to every farm demonstration. He's a real farmer now, and a good one." Mrs. Hale settled back, her hands folded across her ample lap.

"THEN he did all right with the Henley fortune?" Serena wanted to hear more.

"Indeed he did," chortled Mrs. Hale. "But the old-timers in the valley, the ones whose fathers and grandfathers got the land first, have never been able to forgive him for inheriting his land. They wanted Beth to marry a valley boy, but it was none of their business. If he lives to be a hundred, Jeff Landeau will still be the man who got his farm by marriage."

"Thanks for telling me." Then, as if to herself, she added, "He looks like a gentleman, and I feel he is one, but every time I meet him he is almost rude to me."

Mrs. Hale's eyes narrowed again. She leaned forward, placing a plump hand on Serena's slender one. "I wasn't going to tell you this, my dear, but you mustn't blame Jeff too much. You see, when you inherited George and Harriet's farm, you were young and unmarried, and the farmers have been ribbing Jeff about his new neighbor." She looked at Serena out of the corner of her eye.

Astonishment was Serena's first reaction. Her soft brown eyes opened wide, then her cheeks flushed in anger. She jumped from her chair, so indignant that she was trembling. "I'm glad I understand," she said, trying to control herself. "But I wish someone would tell Jeff Landeau that he has nothing to fear from me." She bit off each word, as if Jeff Landeau could feel the sharp impact. "I'm one of the few females of marriageable age who isn't interested in Jeff Landeau or any other man." She felt tears coming and turned her head.

Rising, Mrs. Hale patted her gently on the shoulder. "I know, my dear. Harriet told me about you once. I know you're not interested in marrying, though you should be." She pressed Serena's hand in a final gesture. "You should forget and marry some good man."

Serena did not answer. She wanted to get away.

"Jeff's a fine man," Mrs. Hale continued, "a fine man and he needs a mother for David. Delia's good to him, but it's not right to have a boy raised by a spinster past sixty." She looked shrewdly at Serena. "He's a fine catch if a girl knew how to get him."

Serena had herself in hand. She smiled. "Thanks for telling me, Mrs. Hale. I won't mind his rudeness now."

She walked down the lane under the green shade. She felt a kind of wry kinship with Jeff Landeau. They were two souls dedicated to the past.

(*To be continued*)

Heritage of a Day

Marjorie Linthurst

IN the small breakfast room Elizabeth Baxter clutched her husband's hand tightly. It was midnight, and she wasn't able to sleep for thinking of Peter.

"If only they weren't so sure," she said again to Rush, "if only they could say a year or six years . . . or at least that he'd live for six months!"

She did not dare to let herself think about less than six months time. Peter was so filled with joy and love of life that Elizabeth winced at the thought of a defective heart the doctors had said might stop anytime.

"You'd want them to be honest," Rush said now, "you said if you knew, you could prepare yourself."

It's hard, she thought, her fingers taut on the glass of warm milk, it's so hard to tell him he can't run or jump, and it's hard for the little fellow not to play with other children.

She watched Rush clear off the dishes and put them on the sink, thinking how wonderful he was, so big and quiet. Then, there was another stab as she thought how much Pete looked like him, the butter-yellow hair and the brown eyes and olive skin. She buried her face in her hands.

"Come on, honey." Rush laid a tender hand on her bowed head. "Isn't that new neighbor, Mrs. Ayres, moving in tomorrow, and didn't you promise to help her? You're going to be in no fit condition to do anything." He paused and his next words came out heavily, "Even to take care of Pete."

A feeling of shame flooded over her, and quickly she dried her eyes. "Of course, darling, let's go back to bed." She smiled at him, trying to be as young and gay as she had been before she learned the doctor's diagnosis—twenty-five, with a lovely little cottage of their own and a wonderful husband . . . and child. "I'll . . . . I'll sleep now, I'm sure."

But she did not sleep much, only in fits and starts, as she'd done since that terrible night after the last heart specialist told them there was nothing they could do for Peter.

She rose early the next morning and peeked in quietly at Peter as she'd done so many times during the night. Horrible, to be checking his breathing, but she did just that, standing at his door, counting one, two, one, two.

After a few minutes she went into the kitchen, already warm with the fresh, new heat that meant they'd have another hot summer day. Rush helped Peter with buttons and shoe laces, and presently they both came out, looking fresh and vigorous. Elizabeth peeked at herself in the little mirror over the sink. She'd combed her smooth, dark hair, but she was pale, and there was a tautness around her mouth that she couldn't remember seeing before.

She hugged Peter with the new hunger that already looked ahead to emptiness, and then quickly set the cereal and eggs and orange juice

on the table. Peter ate a lot, but then he was well . . . .

"They're getting at it early, I see," remarked Rush, looking out to the house next door, "Jumping Joshua, how many children do they have?"

ELIZABETH was refilling Peter's glass with milk. "Five, I think, five or six," she answered carelessly, "they're adopted, I guess, or foster children without adoption."

"Can I play with them, Mommy?"

"She looks cheerful," commented Rush quickly, his eyes following the slim young woman's movements as she lugged a roll of bedding into the house.

Elizabeth was concerned that she was feeling angry. She looked at Rush resentfully and bit back bitter words. Of course, the woman was cheerful, any woman with a home and children not doomed to death, could be cheerful. Abruptly she shoved back her chair.

"I wanna play, Mommy." Peter looked up at her, his brown eyes confident.

"Peter, you'll be all right out in the back, honey," she told him, but she knew he wanted to be with other children.

When she kissed Rush goodbye at the door, he asked slowly, "You couldn't take him over, I suppose? He'd be so happy!"

She shook her head. "I'd better watch him through the fence. One of the other children might push him." She looked up at Rush with great fear in her eyes.

Care, care, she thought, her mind leaping ahead to what *might* happen.

So, after Rush had gone, she took Peter to his little fenced playground in their back yard and then went next door to see what she could do for the Ayres family.

"My name's Harriet," the woman said when they'd talked a bit over a brace of kitchen chairs, "call me that. Heavens, even some of the children do!" She was moving about the kitchen as she spoke, putting the electric toaster on the shelf, unpacking dishes.

"They aren't your own, you said?" Elizabeth's own hands became busy with the unwrapping of cups and saucers, while Mr. Ayres brought in more things, tagged by the older children carrying their own little loads.

"No." Harriet paused. "I can't have any of my own." The sunlight struck her warm brown eyes and pink cheeks. *Cheerful,* Rush had said. Yes, she was a happy woman. "This is a foster home, they call it. The children stay here . . ." She paused, and then, turning her face to Elizabeth's intent blue eyes, quite simply finished the sentence, "as long as they need me."

"Now, honey, where does this go?" asked Mr. Ayres from the doorway.

"Oh, don't tell me you lugged that way around here!" Harriet's laughter filled the kitchen like a blossom. "Johnny, that goes on the front porch!"

Harriet's husband turned to Elizabeth, his eyes full of mock sorrow. "You see, now she tells me!"

Elizabeth laughed in spite of herself, and the release it gave her made her sigh.

HARRIET was looking out of the window, not paying much attention to Johnny. "Butch has gone over to play with your little boy, Mrs. Elizabeth. Well, that's good," she continued contentedly, "they're about the same age, and I'll have Butch for about a year."

Elizabeth started. "No!" she said sharply, "no, he musn't go over there!"

Harriet turned a surprised face toward her, "Why . . . ?" But already Elizabeth was out of the back door and halfway to the fence, calling to Butch as she ran.

"Oh, little boy, come back here! Do come back!"

Butch came slowly back to his own yard, and Elizabeth, seeing Peter standing rosy and sturdy by his sandbox, felt a great relief.

She bit her mouth, placing a shaking hand upon Butch's shoulder. "It's . . . it's all right," she said, trying to speak calmly, "only . . . only Peter can't . . . well, he can't play with you . . . ."

She turned miserable eyes to meet Harriet's, sensing, rather than seeing that the other woman had followed her.

Harriet's fingers, firm upon Butch's little shoulder, urged him toward the house. "Daddy needs you to help him," she said quietly, then as he scooted across the yard, she turned back to Elizabeth. "If you want to tell me . . . ."

"Of course." Elizabeth felt her fingers tighten upon the hard wire of the fence. "It's . . . it's Peter's heart . . ." Her voice lowered to a whisper. "Any day . . . ."

Harriet's own voice was warm and sympathetic. "I'm so sorry." She laid her hand upon Elizabeth's taut arm. "You must not leave him, even for such a short time and distance. Johnny and I will manage beautifully. I'll be over soon, but call me if there's anything you need me for."

Returning to her own back yard, Elizabeth felt a surge of warmth. How strong and comforting this woman was! Of course, though, she was not going to lose a son.

ELIZABETH was rather surprised to see Harriet coming through the gate about ten the next morning. She hadn't thought she'd see her neighbor so soon, not until the family got settled, at least.

"Well, hello," she said, coming to the door.

Peter was in his room building blocks, as it was a foggy morning. Instinctively, Elizabeth glanced in at him, her eyes checking the movements of his little body, one, two, one, two.

Harriet came in.

"Sit down," Elizabeth said cordially, and it was then, when the other woman didn't speak nor raise her eyes, that Elizabeth knew something was wrong. They sat at the kitchen table, facing each other for a full minute before Harriet spoke.

"Butch is leaving."

"Going where?"

Elizabeth looked at Harriet stupidly.

Harriet's mouth tightened, her finger tracing a design on the table. "A relative is going to take him at once." She looked into space.

Pity swept over Elizabeth. She loves Butch, she thought.

"Didn't you know he'd have to go sometime?"

Harriet gave her a strange, sharp glance. "Of course, they *all* go sometime," she said.

She sniffed and rose. "Heavens, I didn't mean to weep on your shoulders, but Johnny, well, he misses the children, too, when they go, they're each so precious. I hate to add to his grief by showing my feelings."

Elizabeth felt a stab. Rush had been so unhappy. Of course, Harriet was right. One should try to hide one's feelings, even though a cruel picture lay ahead.

She got to her feet. "Is Butch going today?"

"Tomorrow." Harriet turned at the door. "How's Peter?"

Elizabeth's hand tightened anxiously on the edge of the door. "He's fine," she said, and then, reluctantly, "he's lonely . . . . I know he needs other children."

Harriet hesitated. "I'm giving a farewell . . . oh, a kind of party for Butch this afternoon. Couldn't . . . wouldn't you like to bring Peter over?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Elizabeth at once, "he might get over excited or . . . ." She broke off, the scene as she'd been imagining it during the past two weeks flashing in front of her eyes. "I couldn't" she repeated, "thanks."

HARRIET left, and Elizabeth thought, how calm she's become. She accepts what's given her so easily.

"No, *not easily*," she retracted aloud. Her voice sounded strange to her own ears.

Turning, she saw that Peter had come quietly into the room.

"Will they have ice cream, Mommy?" he asked.

"We'll have it, too," Elizabeth said quickly, dismayed that he'd heard, "we'll have our own party, honey, right here in the kitchen." Yes, that was best, not to let him out in the yard. He'd see the other children playing games at the party.

"I wanna go!" Peter came close to where she was standing, and she saw the tears in his eyes. "I don't wanna be by myself!"

Elizabeth looked at him silently. I'll be with you, she wanted to say, but she knew that wasn't enough.

Suddenly her fears rushed into a great feeling of thanksgiving, and she murmured wonderingly, "He is mine eternally. I'll have him forever, after a short separation."

"Please, Mommy." Peter pressed closely to her, and she put a hand on his head.

"Darling . . . ." The sound came from her heart. From the breakfast room window she could see Harriet with Butch, kneeling in front of him, wiping his face. What was it she had said? They all have to go sometime.

We must be grateful for each day, she thought, and no one is sure of another.

She knelt suddenly to Peter, tears coming to her eyes. "Darling, we'll go to the party," she said.

Then, all at once, the day came to her as being fresher and warmer. The fears in the future faded. There was only the thought that this was a wonderful day and Peter was going to laugh at the party and be happy.

Notes From The Field

General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Nina J. Langford

SOUTH OGDEN STAKE (UTAH) PAST AND PRESENT RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS HONORED AT SOCIAL AND LUNCHEON, February 15, 1952

Front row, left to right: Nina J. Langford, Secretary-Treasurer; Loretta S. Cramer, former *Magazine* agent, now First Counselor; Dessa L. Richins, former second counselor; Reka V. Parker, immediate past president; Olive W. Cory, first stake president; Erma V. Jacobs, present President; Hilda T. Halverson, former visiting teacher, now Second Counselor.

Back row, left to right: Zella S. Crockett, visiting teacher leader; Lea L. Johnston, social science leader; Mabel E. Draper, chorister; Helen B. Hansen, work meeting leader; Bertha W. Miller, literature leader; Mattie G. Ray, theology leader.

Vera P. Pettit, organist, was absent when this photograph was taken.

Approximately 275 Relief Society members attended the social and luncheon.

Photograph submitted by Maria W. Whitaker

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), HOLDEN WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THREE YEARS

Front row, left to right: Geneva Jones; Geniel Stevens; Delores Jones; Elza Nixon; Clara Crosland; Leda Wood; Jean Hofhines; Lola Stevens; Marjorie Stevens.

Second row, left to right: Lena Bennett; Elmeda Turner; Fay Wood; Josephine Stephenson; Ada Bennett; Emily Johnson; Margaret Jackson; Clara Lyman; Hattie Bennett.

Back row, left to right: Henrietta Hunter; Ellen Stevens; Vera Nixon; Algie Stephenson; Nettie Hunter; Lula McKee; LaNola Johnson; Lula Dobson; Betty Stanley.

Hazel Harmon served as president of the Holden Ward Relief Society from September 1948 to January 1952, and Hattie Stephenson is the new president.

Faymetta S. Prows is president of Millard Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Zetella W. Thurman

EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH), EVERGREEN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, May 9, 1952

Left to right: Mignon Cummings, First Counselor; Emma Wheat, President; Henrietta Olson, Second Counselor; Agnes Murdock, work meeting director.

This beautifully arranged bazaar included many crocheted and hand-embroidered articles, twenty quilts, and a varied display of aprons. Children's clothing, women's dresses, fancy dressed dolls, and plants and shrubs added to the variety of items offered for sale.

Zetella W. Thurman is president of East Mill Creek Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Bernice S. Anderson

EAST RIVERSIDE STAKE (UTAH), TWENTY-EIGHTH WARD GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY SOCIAL HONORS FORMER OFFICERS AND ELDERLY SISTERS, February 9, 1952

Seated, left to right: Erma L. Haslam, President 1940-44; Angelina K. Brooks, President 1916-1933; Susan W. Schindler, present President.

Inset: Mary A. K. Karren, President 1933-1940, now living in California.

Standing, at the back: Bishop Lester J. Lees.

Emma Ridd, now deceased, was the first president of the Twenty-Eighth Ward Relief Society, serving from 1902 to 1916.

Bernice S. Anderson is president of East Riverside Stake Relief Society.

* * * *

Magic in Making Jelly

Norma Morris

September's lovely hues,
Reds, golds, and grape-blues—
From garden and hillsides steep
Are garnered for keeps
By some art of magic bent
To retain a nostalgic scent
And bring to friends who care
A bit of cheer for winter's fare.

SELECTED DATA

annual report—1951

THE record of service and achievement of Relief Society for 1951, its 109th year, is illustrated on the following pages. The report shows steady growth in practically all aspects of the program in the 188 stakes and 42 missions reporting. The reports were carefully prepared—in the stakes, 50 were perfect and 128 required only minor corrections; in the missions, 5 were perfect and 28 required only minor corrections. The narrative sections reflected the enthusiasm of the workers as well as increasing interest in many special activities, including Singing Mothers choruses, which are gaining in number throughout the Church and are increasingly active.

The membership of 132,451 shows a commendable increase of 5,901 over 1950. The growth in membership did not, however, increase proportionately with the growth in Latter-day Saint families. Since the goal is to enroll every Latter-day Saint woman (it being assumed there is a woman eligible for membership in every family), there is great need for both stakes and missions to intensify their efforts to increase membership. During the year 60% of the members received development in leadership through engaging in leadership activities, a gain of 3% over 1950.

The average attendance at regular meetings throughout the Church increased slightly (34.37% in 1951, 34.01% in 1950). Theology and testimony meetings continued to have the largest attendance, followed by social science, work meeting, and literature.

Visiting teacher meetings increased 1551 over 1950, with an average attendance of 47%, a decrease of 2.38% from 1950, showing a need to strengthen attendance at these meetings in both stakes and missions.

The gratifying increase of 145,141 visits to families, with 5,584 more visiting teachers in 1,531 more districts, brought the average number of visits to families to 7.59 in 1951, a slight increase over 1950, indicating steady advancement toward the goal of 12 visits annually to each Latter-day Saint family.

Compassionate service continued to expand as indicated by 11,200 more visits to the sick and homebound over the previous year and in assistance given at time of death. The narrative sections of the stake and mission reports indicate a growing solicitude for the aged, infirm, and homebound through many helpful and kindly acts, showing that compassionate service has spiritual significance to our membership because it symbolizes love and consideration for our fellowmen—one of the main objectives of our organization. In the present state of uneasiness that possesses the world in general, many members, as an outgrowth of their work in the society, have found great satisfaction and comfort in mitigating human suffering by rendering compassionate service on a personal basis, thus carrying out the grand key words of the society as spoken by Jesus, "Ye shall do the work which ye see me do."

The general board is deeply grateful to the officers and members of the society for the steady progress made in the various aspects of the program during 1951. With their continued loyalty and support, we shall go forward to bring the benefits and blessings of Relief Society to ever-increasing numbers of women throughout the world.

Margaret C. Pickering

General Secretary-Treasurer

Illustrated by Dorothy Platt Handley

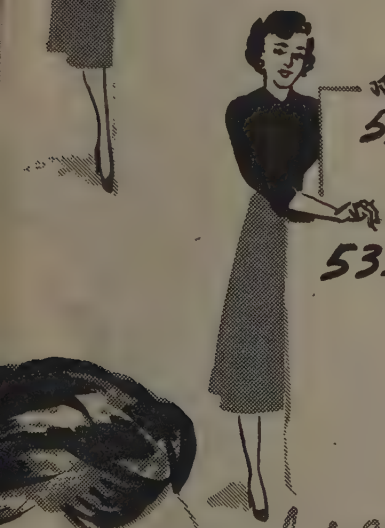
Membership

5,901 MORE R.S. MEMBERS OR... 132,451 !

IN STAKES

1,275 more L.D.S. Families
or a total of 225,184

5,366 more R.S. Members....
or a total of 106,758 or 47%
Of Potential Membership



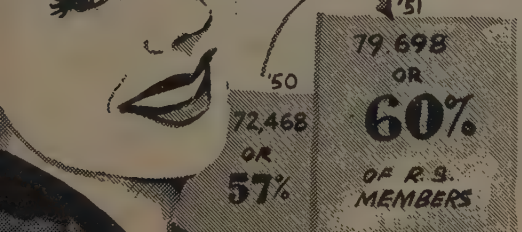
IN MISSIONS

5,954 more L.D.S. Families
or a total of 45,539

535 more R.S. Members....
or a total of 25,693 or
56%
Of Potential Membership

A real story of Activity!

7,230 MORE WOMEN PARTICIPATED IN LEADERSHIP ACTIVITIES



1950	1951	
24	24	General Officers
2,091	2,190	Stake Officers
488	420	Mission Officers
11,189	11,839	Local Executive Officers
5,033	5,448	Other Officers
10,018	10,568	Class Leaders
43,625	49,209	Visiting Teachers

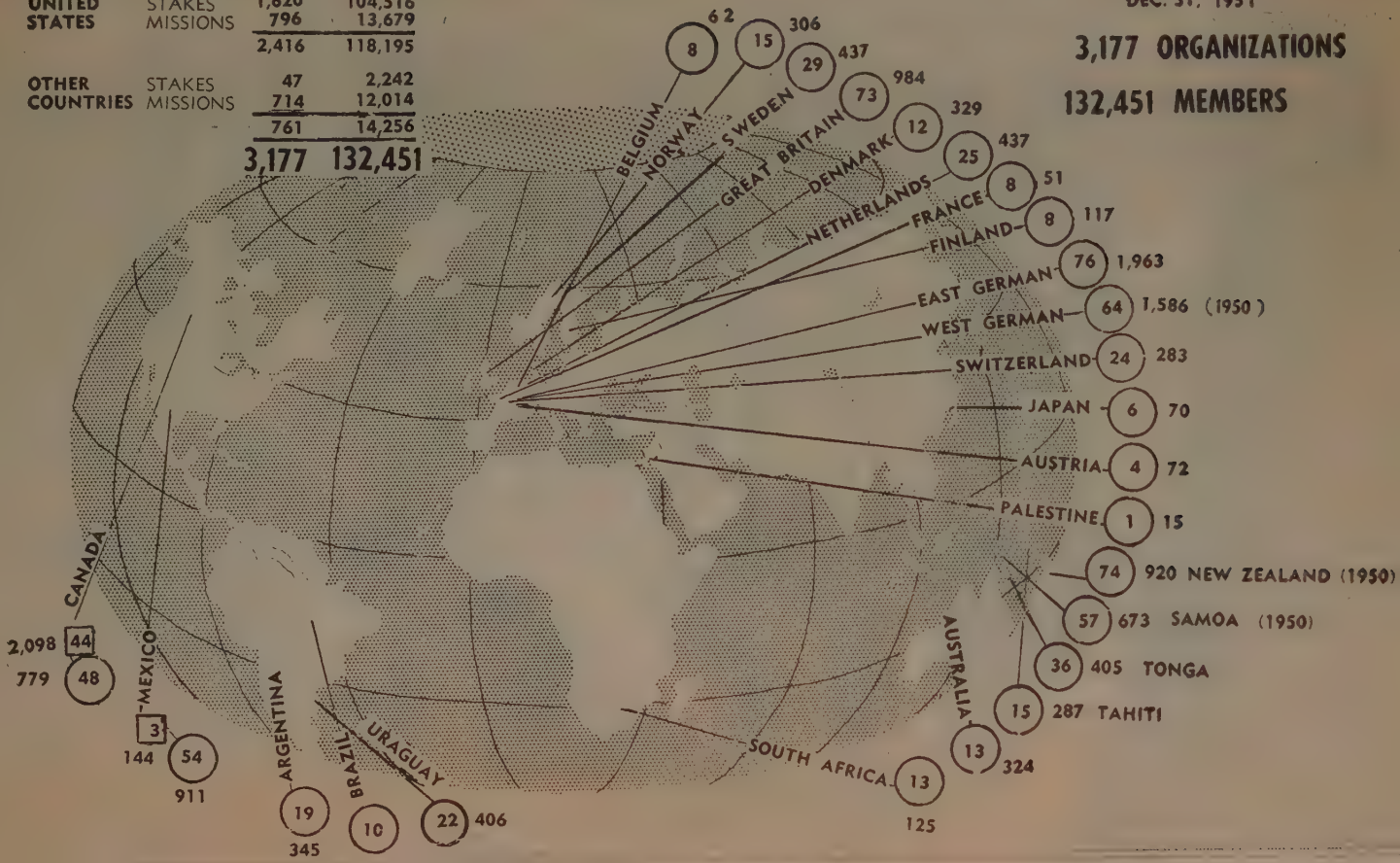
Geographic Distribution of organizations & members DEC. 31, 1951

		ORGANIZATIONS	MEMBERS
UNITED STATES	STAKES	1,620	104,516
	MISSIONS	796	13,679
		2,416	118,195
OTHER COUNTRIES	STAKES	47	2,242
	MISSIONS	714	12,014
		761	14,256
		3,177	132,451

DEC. 31, 1951

3,177 ORGANIZATIONS

132,451 MEMBERS



Meetings and Attendance

137,069 TOTAL MEETINGS HELD

15,164 Visiting Teachers' Meetings

IN STAKES — 12,609 MEETINGS HELD
47% AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

IN MISSIONS — 2,555 MEETINGS HELD
43% AVERAGE ATTENDANCE

95,491 Regular Meetings

	IN STAKES	IN MISSIONS
THEOLOGY	12,880	10,540
WORK	17,674	13,610
LITERATURE	12,423	9,075
SOCIAL SCIENCE	11,123	8,166
	54,100	41,391
	34,458 AV. ATTENDANCE OR 32%	11,066 AV. ATTENDANCE OR 43%

26,414 All Other Meetings

IN STAKES	IN MISSIONS
15,045	11,369

Visiting Teaching Service

2,055,803 TOTAL VISITS

or an average of 7.59 visits to each family

AT HOME .. 1,387,914
NOT HOME .. 667,889

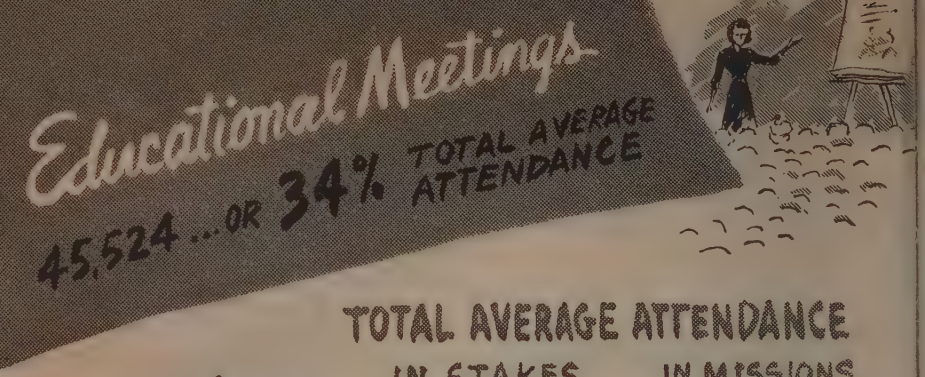
2,055,803

OR

145,141 MORE VISITS

5,584 more Visiting Teachers or a total of 49,209

1,531 more Districts or a total of 26,823



	TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE IN STAKES	TOTAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE IN MISSIONS
Theology 50,110	38,672 OR 36%	11,438 OR 44.5%
Work 43,741	32,982 OR 30.8%	10,759 OR 41.8%
Literature 43,110	32,330 OR 30%	10,780 OR 41.9%
Social Science 44,824	33,848 OR 31.7%	10,976 OR 42.7%

Compassionate Service

11,200 more Visits to Sick and Homebound or a total of 193,558

21,636 Days Care of the Sick...

4 DAYS LESS THAN IN 1950

(8 HOURS = 1 DAY)

	1950	1951
Number of Funerals at Which R. S. Assisted	**5,449**	**5,952**
Dressing Only For Burial	**619**	**649**

Sewing Service

178,441 ARTICLES

QUILTS	14,153
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING	19,132
WOMEN'S CLOTHING	23,441
MEN'S CLOTHING	2,391
HOME FURNISHINGS	38,444
MISC. ARTICLES	80,880
	178,441

These figures can merely indicate the many hours of service and skill given by R.S. women. Because of a reduced Welfare clothing Budget Assignment and increased home-making activities, other than sewing, 10,600 fewer articles were completed!

AN AVERAGE OF

36,574

SEWED MONTHLY AT WORK MEETINGS

OR **27.6%**

Church Welfare Service

AVERAGE NO OF WOMEN PARTICIPATING IN:

WELFARE SEWING AT WORK MTG. 12,856

WELFARE SEWING AT SEWING CENTER, 3,492

WELFARE PROJECTS OTHER THAN SEWING 10,595

Family Welfare Service

7,310 INITIAL VISITS
OR 181 FEWER THAN IN 1950

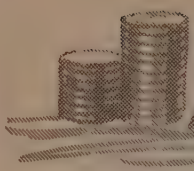
17,162 FOLLOW-UP VISITS
OR 363 FEWER THAN IN 1950

WOMEN SO VISITED WHO:

GAVE SERVICE ON CHURCH WELFARE PROJECTS
1,493 OR 72 FEWER THAN IN 1950

SEWED AT WORK MEETINGS
1,598 OR 2 MORE THAN IN 1950

SEWED FOR THEMSELVES AND FAMILIES
1,864 OR 15 FEWER THAN IN 1950



Financial Report

$2,086,073 BALANCE NET ASSE

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Total Assets $3,084,369.18

CASH BALANCE JAN. 1, 1951	712,807.39
CASH RECEIPTS	1,081,656.12
WHEAT FUND	422,912.22
WAR BONDS, ETC.	106,109.46
REAL ESTATE	116,081.06
FURNITURE	515,571.34
OTHER ASSETS	129,231.59

Total Liabilities $998,296.15

ACCTS. PAYABLE	2,365.75
CASH DISBURSEMENTS	995,930.40

RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING FUND—1947-51

Receipts		$573,232.29
Contributions	$561,837.84	
Interest	9,677.45	
Proceeds from sale of book "Wist Ye Not"	1,719.00	
Expenses		4,116.40
Cash balance Dec. 31, 1951		$569,115.89

Comparative Financial and Statistical Data 1950–1951

		1951	1950	Changes 1950 to 1951	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ORGANIZATIONS	**STAKES AND MISSIONS, TOTAL**	**230**	**221**	**+9**	**+4.07**
	Stakes	188	180	+8	+4.44
	Missions	42	41	+1	+2.43
	Local	**3,177**	**2,981**	**+196**	**+6.57**
	Wards in Stakes	1,667	1,559	+108	+6.93
	Branches in Missions	1,510	1,422	+88	+6.19
MEMBERS	**MEMBERSHIP, TOTAL**	**132,451**	**126,550**	**+5,901**	**+4.66**
	Stakes	**106,758**	**101,392**	**+5,366**	**+5.29**
	Missions	**25,693**	**25,158**	**+535**	**+2.13**
	General Officers and Board Members	24	24		
	Stake Officers and Board Members	2,190	2,091	+99	+4.73
	Mission Presidents and Other Officers	420	488	−68	−13.93
	Ward and Branch Executive Officers	11,839	11,189	+650	+5.81
	Other Officers	5,448	5,033	+415	+8.25
	Class Leaders	10,568	10,018	+550	+5.49
	Visiting Teachers	49,209	43,625	+5,584	+12.80
	All Other Members	52,753	54,082	−1,329	−2.46
L.D.S. FAMILIES	**L.D.S. FAMILIES, TOTAL**	**270,723**	**263,494**	**+7,229**	**+2.74**
	In Stakes	225,184	223,909	+1,275	+5.69
	In Missions	45,539	39,585	+5,954	+15.04
MEETINGS AND ATTENDANCE	**MEETINGS HELD, TOTAL**	**141,346**	**127,846**	**+13,500**	**+10.56**
	General Board Meetings	**27**	**32**	**−5**	**−15.62**
	In Wards and Branches	**137,069**	**123,893**	**+13,176**	**+10.63**
	Regular Ward Meetings for Members	95,491	88,970	+6,521	+7.33
	March Sunday Night Meetings	8,461	7,021	+1,440	+20.50
	Visiting Teachers Meetings	15,164	13,613	+1,551	+11.39
	Ward Preparation Meetings	13,735	10,404	+3,331	+32.02
	Ward Conferences	2,694	2,469	+225	+9.11
	Ward Conference Preliminary Meetings	1,524	1,416	+108	+7.63
	In Stakes and Missions	**4,250**	**3,921**	**+329**	**+8.39**
	Stake & Mission Dist. Board Meetings	2,382	2,311	+71	+3.07
	Stake & Ward Officers (Union) Mtgs.	1,868	1,610	+258	+16.02
	VISITS TO WARDS AND BRANCHES BY STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS	**17,964**	**16,636**	**+1,328**	**+7.98**
	To Wards by Stake Officers	13,559	12,644	+915	+7.24
	To Branches by Mission and District Officers	4,405	3,992	+413	+10.35
	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS FOR MEMBERS	**45,524**	**43,045**	**+2,479**	**+5.76**
	In Stakes	34,458	32,128	+2,330	+7.25
	In Missions	11,066	10,917	+149	+1.36
	PER CENT OF MEMBERS REPRESENTED BY AVERAGE ATTENDANCE AT REGULAR MEETINGS	**34.37**	**34.01**		
	In Stakes	32.27	31.68		
	In Missions	43.07	43.39		
ACTIVITIES	**VISITING TEACHING**				
	Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	26,823	25,292	+1,531	+6.05
	Family Visits, Total	2,055,803	1,910,662	+145,141	+7.60
	Home	1,387,914	1,323,469	+64,445	+4.87
	Not Home	667,889	587,193	+80,696	+13.74
	Per Cent at Home	67.51	69.26		
	Number of Communications in lieu of Visits	27,140	31,528	−4,388	−13.92
	EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS				
	Average Attendance at Relief Society				
	Theology	50,110	46,435	+3,675	+7.91
	Work (Sewing)	43,741	41,697	+2,044	+4.90
	Literature	43,110	41,381	+1,729	+4.17
	Social Science	44,824	41,963	+2,861	+6.82
	SEWING SERVICE AT MEETINGS				
	Average No. of Women Sewing Monthly	**36,574**	**37,014**	**−440**	**−1.19**
	Total Articles Completed	178,441	189,041	−10,600	−5.61
	Kind of Articles:				
	Quilts	14,153	15,123	−970	−6.41
	Other Bedding	—	6,665	−6,665	−100.00
	Children's Clothing	19,132	27,624	−8,492	−30.74
	Women's Clothing	23,441	25,387	−1,946	−7.67
	Men's Clothing	2,391	5,740	−3,349	−58.34

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA
1950-51 (Continued)

		1951	1950	Changes 1950 to 195	
		Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Number or Amount	Per Cent
ACTIVITIES (Continued)	Household Furnishings	38,444		+38,444	+100.0
	Other (Miscellaneous)	80,880	108,502	—27,622	—25.4
	COMPASSIONATE SERVICE:				
	Visits to Sick and Homebound	193,558	182,358	+11,200	+6.
	Number of Days Care of Sick	21,636	21,640	—4	—.0
	Number of Bodies Dressed for Burial	649	684	—35	—5.
	Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	5,952	5,449	+503	+9.2
	CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE:				
	Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	12,856	—	+12,856	+100.0
	Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	3,492	—	+3,492	+100.0
	Average Number Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other Than Sewing	10,595	—	+10,595	+100.0
	FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE:				
	Number of Initial Family Visits Under Direction of Bishop	7,310	7,491	—181	—2.4
	Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	17,162	17,525	—363	—2.0
	Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,493	1,565	—72	—4.6
	Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,598	1,596	+2	+.1
	Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	1,864	1,879	—15	—.8
	Number of Wards With List of Nurses	1,461	1,095	+366	+33.4
MAGAZINE	Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	102,754	92,281½	+10,472½	+11.3
FINANCES	Cash Receipts	1,081,656.12	860,583.43	+221,072.69	+25.6
	Cash Disbursements	995,930.40	824,272.67	+171,657.73	+20.8
	Net Assets	2,086,073.03	1,998,391.72	+87,681.31	+4.3

Membership 1951

MEMBERSHIP JANUARY 1, 1951 126,550

INCREASE

Admitted to Membership 23,852

DECREASE

Removed, Resigned, or Died 17,951

NET INCREASE 5,901

MEMBERSHIP DECEMBER, 31, 1951 132,451

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 11—The Value of Records

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi, Chapters 19-22; 2 Nephi, Chapters 1-27)

For Tuesday, December 2, 1952

Objective: To demonstrate the value of records to a people of God.

THE Nephites appreciated the value of records and acted accordingly. The Lord instructed them concerning the importance of records from the beginning of their history. In preparation for their journey to the land of promise, Lehi was commanded to send his sons back to Jerusalem for the plates of brass, as we learned in lesson 9.

As soon as Lehi's sons returned from Jerusalem with the brass plates he searched the plates from the beginning. He discovered that they contained the genealogy of his forefathers. Lehi seems not to have known before reading the brass plates that he was a literal descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt (1 Nephi 5:14, 16). From his study he also learned that Laban was a descendant of Joseph, therefore, he and his fathers had kept the records.

In an earlier lesson in the course, we learned that special blessings were given to Joseph and his seed, who were also entitled to all the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. To learn that he and his seed were entitled to all these blessings gave to Lehi information of value in teaching his posterity.

Not only did the brass plates contain the genealogy of Lehi's forefathers, but they also contained the first five books of Moses, including the story of the creation of the world; a record of the Jews from the time of their beginning down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah (about 598 B.C.) and also an account of the prophecies uttered by the prophets from the beginning down to that period.

Lehi prophesied that these brass plates "should go forth unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people who were of his seed" (1 Nephi 5:18).

Alma refers to this and other prophecies, saying that the brass plates should be kept and handed down from one generation to another, "And be kept and preserved by the hand of the Lord until they should go forth unto every nation,

kindred, tongue, and people" (Alma 37:4).

During the period of Nephite civilization, these plates were passed down from king to king and prophet to prophet. Amaleki, writing of the people of Mosiah, who moved northward and discovered the civilization of the Mulekites in Zarahemla, comments as follows: "Now, there was great rejoicing among the people of Zarahemla; and also Zarahemla did rejoice exceedingly, because the Lord had sent the people of Mosiah with the plates of brass which contained the record of the Jews" (Omni 1:14).

The Nephite prophets recognized the value of these records, for they frequently quoted from them when they instructed the people. Nephi is very specific as to why he read much from the brass plates to his people. He wrote:

> I read many things to them, which were engraven upon the plates of brass, that they might know concerning the doings of the Lord in other lands, among people of old. And I did read many things unto them which were written in the book of Moses; but that I might more fully persuade them to believe in the Lord their Redeemer I did read unto them that which was written by the prophet Isaiah; for I did liken all scriptures unto us, that it might be for our profit and learning (1 Nephi 19:22, 23).

He quoted Isaiah 48 and 49 (1 Nephi, chapters 20 and 21) and expounded them to his people. In 2 Nephi he quoted chapters 2-14 inclusive, from Isaiah (2 Nephi, chapters 12-24), explaining, "my soul delighteth in proving unto my people the truth of the coming of Christ" (2 Nephi 11:4).

Living as we do in a day when much of the Christian world has lost its belief in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, how valuable the Book of Mormon can be to us and to our Lamanite brethren as a new witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ. Restricted space prevents my making an analysis of Isaiah as quoted by Nephi, but even a cursory examination of the material will be rich in dividends to a reader.

Nephi, however, is not the only prophet who quotes from the brass plates. The prophet Abinadi used the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to establish the fact that Jesus would come down among the children of men and redeem his people (Mosiah 14:1-12; 15:1). Moroni also encouraged his people to read from the brass plates, writing: "Search the prophecies of Isaiah" (Mormon 8:23).

Thus far we have been discussing the brass plates as being valuable because they contained the genealogy of Lehi, and because they contained history and doctrine. Now let us turn our attention to another value recognized by Nephi: "And behold, it is wisdom in God that we should obtain these records, that we may preserve unto our children the language of our fathers" (1 Nephi 3:19).

To one unfamiliar with language changes, this may not seem significant. Without the use of a common book, however, the language of a people changes in a few hundred years until the written word of former times is unintelligible. We need only observe the changes that have taken place in English between 600 A.D. and the present day to indicate what happens. I quote two examples, the first from Old

English, and the second from Middle English:

Hwaet, we Gar-Dena in gear-dagum
Theod cyninga thrym gefrunon
Hu the aethelingas ellen fremedon!
—*Beowulf*

When that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote.
—Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

The use of one common record would do much to prevent the radical changes that took place in English. The fact that Moroni encouraged his people to read from Isaiah may indicate that such radical language changes as have occurred in English did not occur among the Nephites, that the language of the fathers was preserved.

It is clear from evidence presented that the Nephites did consider the brass plates significant. Nephi records: "And we had obtained the records which the Lord had commanded us, and searched them and found that they were desirable; yea, even of great worth unto us, insomuch that we could preserve the commandments of the Lord unto our children" (1 Nephi 5:21). And we must remember that the brass plates represent only one of the cherished records of the Nephites.

Nephi refers to the fact that he was instructed to keep the history of his people on two different sets of plates (1 Nephi 19:1-7) which were passed by kings or prophets to their successors in office. On the small plates they engraved an account of the ministry of the people. Mormon thought so much of the small plates that he attached them to his plates and passed the two records on to Moroni (The Words of Mormon: 6).

The large plates contained the secular history of the Nephites and Lamanites. So important was this history in the eyes of the Lord, that he commanded Nephi to make the record.

Centuries later, the importance of keeping proper records was taught to the Nephites by the Savior himself on his visit to the Western Hemisphere following his resurrection, when he directed the Nephites living in that day to "bring forth the record which ye have kept."

And when Nephi had brought forth the records, and laid them before him, he cast his eyes upon them and said: Verily I say unto you, I commanded my servant Samuel, the Lamanite, that he should testify unto this people, that at the day that the Father should glorify his name in me that there were many saints who should arise from the dead, and should appear unto many, and should minister unto them. And he said unto them: Was it not so? And his disciples answered him and said: Yea, Lord, Samuel did prophesy according to thy words, and they were all fulfilled. And Jesus said unto them: How be it that ye have not written this thing, that many saints did arise and appear unto many and did minister unto them? And it came to pass that Nephi remembered that this thing had not been written. And it came to pass that Jesus commanded that it should be written; therefore it was written according as he commanded (3 Nephi 23:8-13).

Subsequently, in the twilight period of Nephite history, the prophet Ammaron instructed Mormon, then a lad of ten, to take the large plates from their depository when he was twenty-four and to engrave on them an account of the doings of the people (Mormon 1:2, 3).

Mormon felt that records were so important that he devoted a good portion of his life to the study of Nephite history and to engraving it in abridged form on a record which he made. Moroni, the last prophet of the Nephites, devoted much time to the same undertaking for the Jaredite nation from The Book of Ether (Ether 1:1-2).

From the beginning to the end of the one-thousand year period of Nephite history, the prophets stressed the need of records and kept them. Helaman, living near the middle of the period, wrote:

> And now there are many records kept of the proceedings of this people, by many of this people, which are particular and very large, concerning them . . . a hundredth part of the proceedings of this people . . . cannot be contained in this work. But behold, there are many books and many records of every kind, and they have been kept chiefly by the Nephites (Helaman 3:13-15).

The Nephites were a record-keeping people because God had commanded it.

They were also a record-preserving people for the same reason. Individual prophets were so concerned about the records that they made their preservation a matter of prayer. Enos prayed about them and writes: "And I had faith, and I did cry unto God that he would preserve the records; and he covenanted with me that he would bring them forth unto the Lamanites in his own due time" (Enos 1:16), thus pointing out another one of the major values of the records. Nephi also stressed the fact that the record should come forth in our day (2 Nephi 27:1-22).

The value of the record, The Book of Mormon, to our day and time has been aptly summarized by Brigham H. Roberts:

> First, to show unto the remnant of the house of Israel what great things the Lord has done for their fathers.
>
> Second, to teach them the covenants the Lord made with their fathers that their remnants may know that they are not cast off forever.
>
> Third, that this record may convince both Jews and Gentiles that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, and that He manifests himself to all nations.
>
> Fourth, that the knowledge of a Savior might come especially to the remnants of the house of Israel on the Western Hemisphere, through the testimony of the Nephites and Lamanites as well as through the testimony of the Jews, that they might more fully believe the gospel.
>
> Fifth, that the Jews might have the testimony of the Nephites as well as that of their fathers, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.
>
> Sixth, and I think mainly, to be a witness for the truth of the Bible, to establish its authenticity, and its credibility by bringing other witnesses to testify to the same great truths that are contained in the sacred pages of the Bible; to restore to the knowledge of mankind many plain and precious truths concerning the gospel which men have taken out of the Jewish scriptures, or obscured by their interpretations; for which cause many have stumbled and fallen into unbelief. In a word, it is the mission of the Book of Mormon to be a witness for Jesus, the Christ; for the truth of the gospel as the power of God unto salvation; for that purpose it was written, preserved from destruction and has now come forth to the children of men through the goodness and mercy and power of God.

Above everything else the record is a new witness to the divinity of Jesus Christ. Moroni, as he bade farewell to the Gentiles of our day and to his brethren, emphasized this value, saying:

And now I, Moroni, bid farewell unto the Gentiles, yea, and also unto my brethren whom I love, until we shall meet before the judgment seat of Christ, where all men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your blood. And then shall ye know that I have seen Jesus, and that he hath talked with me face to face (Ether 12:38-39).

Writing directly to the Lamanites of the last days, Moroni closes the record exhorting them to read the record with a sincere heart and with faith in Christ, and promising that God would manifest the truth of it unto them by the power of the Holy Ghost (Moroni 10).

Suggestion to Class Leaders

Writing the selections of Old and Middle English (as given in the lesson) on the blackboard, will be helpful in showing how a language can change.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why were the Nephites commanded to keep records?
2. How were the plates of brass valuable to the Nephites?
3. Of what value are Book of Mormon records to the Gentiles of our day? To the Lamanites?
4. What is the chief mission of The Book of Mormon?
5. How are Church records being kept today?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 11—"I Work Not Among the Children of Men Save It Be According to Their Faith" (2 Nephi 27:23).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, December 2, 1952

Objective: To show that faith is necessary in order to receive blessings from God.

THE scriptures are filled with instances in which faith has wrought mighty miracles. When Jesus turned and saw the woman who had touched the hem of his garment, he said, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour."

On another occasion, two blind men followed the Savior, crying: "Thou Son of David, have mercy on us . . . and Jesus saith unto them, Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened" (Matt. 9:27-30).

To the brother of Jared Jesus said, ". . . Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood; and never has man come before me with such exceeding faith as thou hast; for were it not so ye could not have seen my finger" (Ether 3:9).

The scriptures relate many instances in which lack of faith was responsible for failure to receive desired blessings. When Peter was walking on the water toward the

Master, the wind became boisterous and he was afraid and straightway began to sink, "And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" (Matt. 14:31).

We read in Matthew 13:58 that when Jesus came into his own country, "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." Even the Christ did not perform great works if the people did not manifest faith in him. The apostle Paul states:

> . . . For he that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him (Hebrews 11:6).

The unwavering faith of the boy Joseph Smith brought the vision of the Father and the Son and their message to him. He believed implicitly the words of James, as he read:

> If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed" (James 1:5-6).

We read in the Doctrine and Covenants:

> There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130:20-21).

This startling question then comes to our minds: May we not be denying ourselves blessings from our Heavenly Father because our faith is too week to work righteousness, to obey the laws upon which blessings are predicated? Perhaps unclaimed blessings might have been ours had we possessed the faith to earn them. Might it be that we are so absorbed in material matters that we neglect the development of this vital quality, this great moving power of faith?

The attainment of great faith, like other accomplishments, entails constant exercise and cultivation. We must live the laws of the gospel, which beget faith, purifying ourselves of the weaknesses of the flesh, in order that the channel may be kept open between ourselves and the power from on high. "As fast as we open our hearts to the influences of righteousness, the faith that leads to life eternal will be given us of our Father" (*Articles of Faith*, TALMAGE, page 107).

* * * *

Precaution

Pansye H. Powell

When hourly the wild goose trumpet calls
And sheep press close in fold,
The mountains put on their Paisley shawls
To keep them safe from cold!

Work Meeting—Home Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 3—Using Energy Wisely

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, December 9, 1952

"We buy the quality of our life with the use we make of our time, energy, and money" (Anon.).

ENERGY is one of the most important human resources. Because it is ours to use, we often use it extravagantly. Let us consider the per cent of increase in expenditure of energy required to do certain household activities in relation to lying still.

Where Our Energy Goes

The amount of energy each of us has is only power to accomplish. The use we make of it is the important thing.

Homemakers, more than people in any other profession, should be mindful of energy conservation practices, and then apply them. A few to which we could all afford to give consideration are:

1. *Use Body Equipment Wisely*

One of the easiest ways to save energy is to use the body properly. Few people do this unless they train themselves.

Good posture is the basis for the effective use of the body. It is the alignment of the major body weight—the head, chest, and pelvic or hip sections. Proper alignment balances the weight naturally over the base of support, the pelvic girdle

Whenever the head or chest is out of alignment, strain in holding them up is placed on the small muscles of the back. This requires extra energy and speeds up a feeling of fatigue.

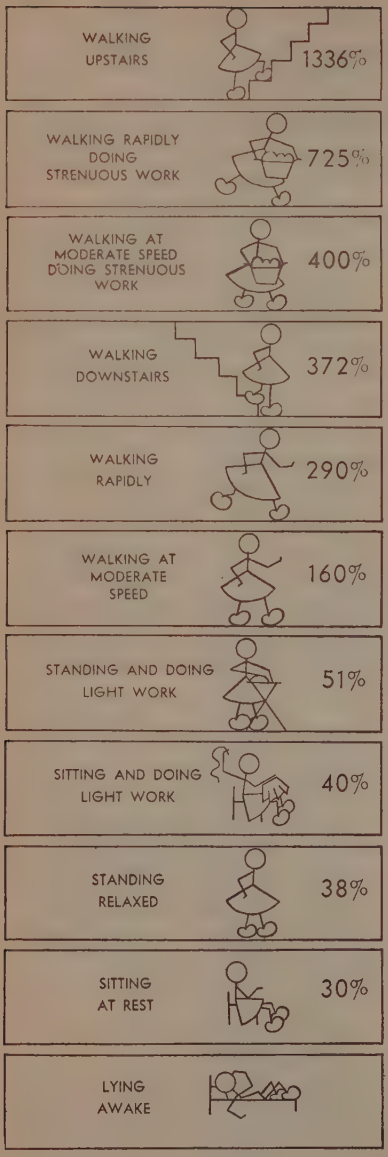
The body machine performs most efficiently at a steady, moderate speed. The amount of energy to do a task increases with the speed at which we work. A study of fatigue problems of homemakers reveals that, other than poor working conditions, confusion, hurry, and pressure to get things done on time are the most frequent causes of fatigue.

Homemakers, who learn to sit whenever possible while doing their work, will have more energy to spend in other activities. Sitting requires eight per cent less energy than does standing. To learn to work sitting down requires practice, but it is well worth the effort. For example, sit down to iron or to pare vegetables. Alternating standing and sitting is more restful than either one continued for a long period.

Control of the mind is even more difficult than control of the body. If we can train ourselves to accept the things we cannot change, we will have more energy to change the things we can. Worry, irritation, discontent, and general unhappiness burn up energy fast. On the other hand, interest, enthusiasm, and serenity of spirit reduce the amount of energy required to a bare minimum.

2. *Develop Energy-Saving Work Habits*

The ease with which you work partly depends upon the preparation you make for a job. Watch yourself as you work. Do you handle one tool or piece of equipment several times, picking it up and putting it down, when it might have been handled once for several operations? As you follow each process of each task through, ask yourself the question: "Am



THE PER CENT OF INCREASE OVER LYING STILL IN ENERGY EXPENDITURES IN DAILY ACTIVITIES

I doing it with the fewest motions and the least effort? If not, decide on the reason, then do your best to correct it.

Wise use of energy must be preceded by systematic planning and organizing for the job to be done. Energy is often wasted in collecting the things needed to do a certain job. Before you begin to clean a room, assemble the dust cloths, brushes, furniture polish, and other cleaning supplies in an easy-to-carry basket (perhaps one for each floor). Carry it with you from room to room. When through, set it aside in a storage closet until needed again. Keep abreast of the latest tools and improved materials.

Most of us waste energy moving articles, which are seldom or never used, in search of what we need. A good practice, at least once each year, is to remove everything from cupboards and drawers. Before returning them to their usual places, ask yourself if they are used often enough to justify the storage space they require. If you are in doubt, place them in an out-of-the-way place, until you are sure whether or not they are no longer needed. If not, dispose of them.

3. *Wear Suitable Clothes*

Suitable clothes for work should be considered a part of the homemaker's necessary equipment. Shoes should be comfortable, with even heels of suitable height. Shoes with uneven heels and soft soles neither protect the feet nor properly support the body. House dresses should be fitted comfortably for bending and reaching. A dress which pulls or binds as you work will tire you unnecessarily. Apron straps that slide off the shoulders or that are uncomfortable in any way are extravagant users of both physical and nervous energy.

These are but a few of the things we might do to make more efficient use of this great human resource of energy. There are many, many more ways of conserving energy with which you are already familiar. Why not share them with others?

Let us resolve today that the quality of our lives shall be good, because we have made wise use of our time and energy in the routine, but satisfying work of homemaking.

Energy-Saving Tips

1. Eliminate all unnecessary parts of a job. For example: Use a large tray when carrying dishes to avoid a number of trips.

2. Keep everything within easy reach. For example: Keep one salt container on stove and one where mixing is done.

3. Use the best tool for the job. For example: Inexpensive glass onion chopper, potato peeler, mechanical grater.

4. Eliminate constant use of stairs. For Example: Place articles to be taken upstairs or down in one place and carry several at one time.

5. Don't rush. For Example: When using vacuum cleaner, go slowly over floor. It saves energy and picks up better.

6. Save unnecessary motions. For Example: Hang your clothes from a basket that is raised rather than from one placed on the floor.

7. Prepare as much as possible of the day's menu during the morning while in the kitchen.

8. Have wastepaper baskets in several rooms. Use a large one to empty small ones into and avoid many trips.

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Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 27—Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, (pp. 190-199).

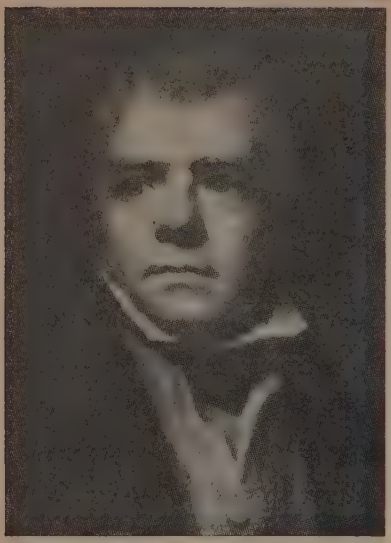
For Tuesday, December 16, 1952

Objective: To sketch the importance of place and tradition in Scott's life and writings that his achievement may be more fully understood and enjoyed.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native Land!
("The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Canto VI, stanza 1)

Critical Estimate of Scott

In large part each man is influenced by the world in which he lives; some few men are given the power to influence their world in return. During his maturity Sir Walter Scott achieved the status almost of a national hero. In 1813, even before he had begun writing his novels, he refused the position of Poet Laureate which was offered as recognition of his poetic excellence. In 1821 he was knighted for his literary achievement. Before his death, in 1832, he wrote thirty-two novels, which were so overwhelmingly popular that in every



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SIR WALTER SCOTT
1771-1832

capital city of the western world translators fought for the first copy of his new books, so anxious were all peoples to read him. In England he was the literary lion of the day, the first of the romantic writers to achieve wide popularity, the first English author to create a landed estate and build a lavish mansion from literary profits alone, and the first to develop the technique of the historical novel until the novel was accepted as a respectable form of literature. He was ranked with Shakespeare, and even today there are eminent critics who pronounce him the greatest English novelist, and who group him with Shakespeare and Dickens as the three great English artists at depicting humanity.

Yet even during his own lifetime many of the other romanticists found his mind shallow and unphilosophic, his style careless, and his plots filled with the stock devices of stolen wills and missing heirs and hairbreadth escapes. Scott himself admitted the weakness of his plots, yet he rarely planned the ending of his novel before he began writing, believing that writing by formula killed his spontaneous flow of language in which he knew his strength lay. Throughout his best novels which, except for *Ivanhoe*, dealt with the hundred years of English and Scottish history before his own time, Scott consciously avoided portraying controversial figures in religion and politics; rarely in his characters did he do any deep psychological probing. His treatment of his noble characters, particularly their dialogue, was stiff and artificial, while most of his heroes and heroines are too usual to be interesting, and the love story follows the usual pattern, without passion or individuality. The further back in history he laid the scene of his novel, the less realistic it became. Sometimes he completely confused events, placing them in periods when they could not have occurred, and he was also guilty of attributing to ages past the moral views, language, and customs of his own day. Much of his uneven writing was done when the pattern of the plot or the tastes of his audience forced him to describe material with which he had no sympathy; he had no ability whatsoever to describe with warmth and reality those problems or peoples toward which he felt indifferent in his own life.

How possibly can all these flaws in his work be admitted, while at

the same time he is supposed to be so great a novelist? How can we know which authority to believe today, when one suggests somewhat dubiously that some of his works may endure for adolescent readers, while another stoutly maintains he is still England's greatest novelist. In fairness we can deny neither viewpoint until we go to his work and decide for ourselves. But before examining his work, the raw materials from which his writings were drawn demand attention.

Background and Characteristics

In 1745-46, only twenty-five years before Scott was born, occurred the Jacobite rebellion, the last attempt by staunch, sentimental Scotchmen to re-establish Scotland as a separate nation and free her from English rule. By Scott's time it was evident that Scotland could not exist apart from England, either politically or economically, but from his earliest youth Scott seemes to have dedicated himself to keeping alive the Scottish literature and traditions which told of his beloved nation when Scotchmen were still strong and free and noble.

Scott's intense love for place became the driving force throughout his life. Only by knowing the great hearts and daring deeds of the past, Scott felt, could the traditions of the rough highlands and border country inspire Scotchmen of his own day to live nobler lives than the rather ignoble ones they were living; only by bringing alive to them Scotland's history, thought Scott, could he inspire those of rich Scot blood to rise above themselves and perpetuate this glorious tradi-

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME, ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND

tion. It was this conviction which became the great theme of Sir Walter Scott, both in his personal life and in his writings.

Scott's name meant, "the Scotchman." His clan was that of Branneuch, a wild, cattle-thieving band of ardent feudal patriots who fought to the end for Scotch rights. His father was the first of the clan to be content with the tameness of town life. Walter recorded that his lullabies were Jacobite hymns. Lamed by infantile paraylsis, and thus curtailed in physical activity, he read widely, but from his earliest years history and romance were his first loves. At twelve he had begun a manuscript collection of old ballads, and throughout his youth he rode about the countryside, gossiping with the common people, absorbing thoroughly their humor, superstition, dialect, and simple manliness.

As is proved by the content of his writings, Scott loved people. He was kind, generous, disarmingly hospitable, and extremely likeable, surely the most neighborly, friendly member of the romantics. We are not surprised to learn that during his leisurely afternoons at Abbotsford he played with his hunting dogs unceasingly, and when he rode after the hounds, as he frequently did, he was both reckless and fearless.

Concept of Chivalry

Scott's lifelong ambition was to be a Laird, or landed aristocrat, again in loyalty to his vision of the past. There was something almost feudalistic in his concept of what the benevolent yet firm aristocrat should be. In both his life and works the qualities of honesty, simplicity, courage, honor, and loyalty predominate, warming both the author and his very human characters in the heart of the reader. Scott never philosophized about the soundness of his views, nor questioned the justifications of his enduring loyalties. The best of the past was for him the largest challenge he could hope to meet. Indeed he lived by his own definition of chivalry as stated in his memorable novel, *Ivanhoe*:

> Chivalry alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle from the churl and the savage; it rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace.

In 1825 the great mansion of Abbotsford was aglow with festivities: Scott's fondest dream had been realized for his son was wedded to the niece of Scottish royalty; he had founded his line of landed aristocracy! The next year, because of a secret partnership with a publishing firm (kept secret because both the trade of printing and publishing novels, Scott feared, would be considered below the dignity of a public official), he not only went bankrupt, but his firm owed 117,000 pounds. Though Scott had been rash and too trusting of his partners, he was not to blame for the debt, yet in order to fulfill his own definition of noble conduct he assumed the entire debt and began working at an even more fervent tempo than before to satisfy his creditors. His wife died, and in the final six years of his life he broke his own health in the attempt to

free himself from debt, but in two years he paid off some forty thousand pounds, and soon after his death his royalties cleared his honor, and further endeared him to all Englishmen and to his grieving public.

Poetry of Scott

All critics of Scott tend to agree on the values of his poetry. While it is not poetry of the first rank, and while sometimes it is marred by his inability to restrain his own exuberant statement, at its best it contains the vigorous free action of Scott's own character (as in "Lochinvar," pp. 193-194). In such pure lyrics as "Coronach" (page 196) and "Proud Maisie" (page 198), he caught and condensed into a small area a true and sincere emotion. In such reckless, hearty lines as in "Soldier's Song" (page 197) he recalls the hearty defiance of decorum as sung by Burns. But in his own ballad form and quality, in action, scene, lyric power, and vigorous honesty these poems prove Scott to be a singer in his own right, not the greatest, but enduring.

Novels of Scott

It is in his novels that we find the best of Scott, and in one of his best novels, *The Heart of Midlothian*, we can discover his virtues and some of his faults.

Today our imaginations are almost entirely fed by techniques of mass communication: digests of novels, articles, events, radio dramas, movies, and television. After receiving the synthetic life story of our time in neatly packaged dehydrated capsules, it might seem unduly tedious to read a novel in its entirety. While the reading does take time, if we are to enjoy the author and his world, there is no other way. If we do take the time, we will find in the passing through the pages far more truth, and deeper, than if we read a condensed version. The imagination can absorb everything only so fast; reading from a page is a pace much fairer to the author and the reader.

The Heart of Midlothian

The Heart of Midlothian was written in 1818, the sixth of Scott's novels. Midlothian is the Edinburgh jail. This novel is esteemed one of Scott's best because it is an actual world filled with his real characters; it is rich in dialogue, both of noble common folk and of the lowest ruffians. Herein the illusion of reality is attained.

In place of the slow beginning found in some of Scott's novels we have the crazed vigor of mob violence as portrayed in the Porteus riots of 1736, a protest against a haughty, cruel master of the guard who needlessly had fired into the mob of Scotchmen. The main characters are commoners rather than lords and ladies; Jeanie Deans incarnates the simplicity, strength, and courage of the ideal Scot, as she refuses to lie in court to save her sister from being hanged for a crime she did not commit, and when she walks to London to plead her case so sincerely but eloquently before the queen that Effie's life is spared. The book is filled with enduring characterizations: David Deans, her staunchly religious father who by the grandeur of Jeanie's act rises above his own dogmatic narrowness; Dumbiedikes, the

wealthy neighbor; Ratcliffe, the thug turned turnkey at the jail; Madge Wildfire, an insane, pathetic product of Scotland's outlaw class; her cruel, unscrupulous mother—the list is too large to state here fully.

Structurally this novel is very weak. The beginning riot motif does not relate directly to the main plot, and the "happy ending events" after Jeanie's return from London are excessive in number and quite tediously drawn out. Despite these weaknesses, *The Heart of Midlothian* is a self-sustaining reward for its truth, reality, wholesomeness, and the almost bewildering wealth of characters it contains.

Note to Class Leaders:

The problem of presenting Sir Walter Scott, some of his poems, and one of his novels in less than an hour is insurmountable. If you wish to do only the first two, do so, and may you have the joy of a job well done. However, if you *want* to know, or to review Scott as a novelist, by all means get a copy of *The Heart of Midlothian* and read it slowly, marking passages that reveal a person in a small area, either through rich Scottish dialogue or through Scott's realistic eye.

In presenting your lesson, the best approach would seem to be to *tell* the story in your own words in ten or fifteen minutes, no more. Then read excerpts which illustrate the values you wish to emphasize in the novel. At least three excerpts would seem essential: Jeanie's call on Dumbiedikes for financial aid (ch. 26, pp. 272-279 at will); Jeanie's audience with Queen Caroline (ch. 37, pp. 403, 405, 409 at will); and the death of Madge Wildfire (ch. 40, pp. 431-434). There are various approaches: read a series of passages which portray Jeanie; use short quotes to present many characters, showing how even so brief a presentation as that of Dick Ostler (less than a page, ch. 28, pp. 300-301) successfully presents the living actuality of a character. You might wish to give a series of scenes: the riot scene; the meeting of Jeanie and Robinson near her home at night; Jeanie and Effie in the Tolbooth; Madge and Jeanie in church, the humbling of David Deans when Jeanie returns from London, etc. Choose whichever pattern seems most easy and rewarding, so long as the series of quotes follows a plan.

Much of Scott's essence is in Scottish dialect. If you can learn to read this as if it were your own background or telephone conversations, the accent and the strange words not only will soon come easily, but the power of Scott's dialogue will be presented most effectively.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss the weaknesses and strong points of Scott, the writer; Scott the person.
2. Why did Scott become interested in history and folk ballads even before he entered his teens?
3. What are the enduring qualities of Scott's poetry?
4. What are some of his excellences as a novelist?

Social Science—The Progress of Man

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

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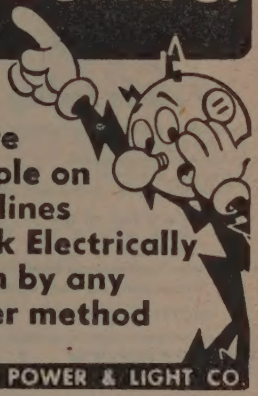

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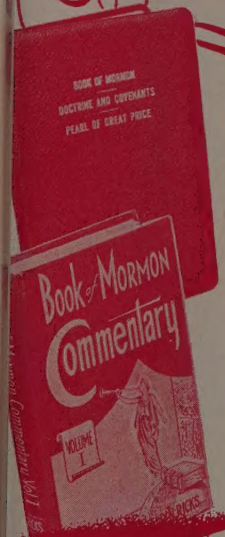

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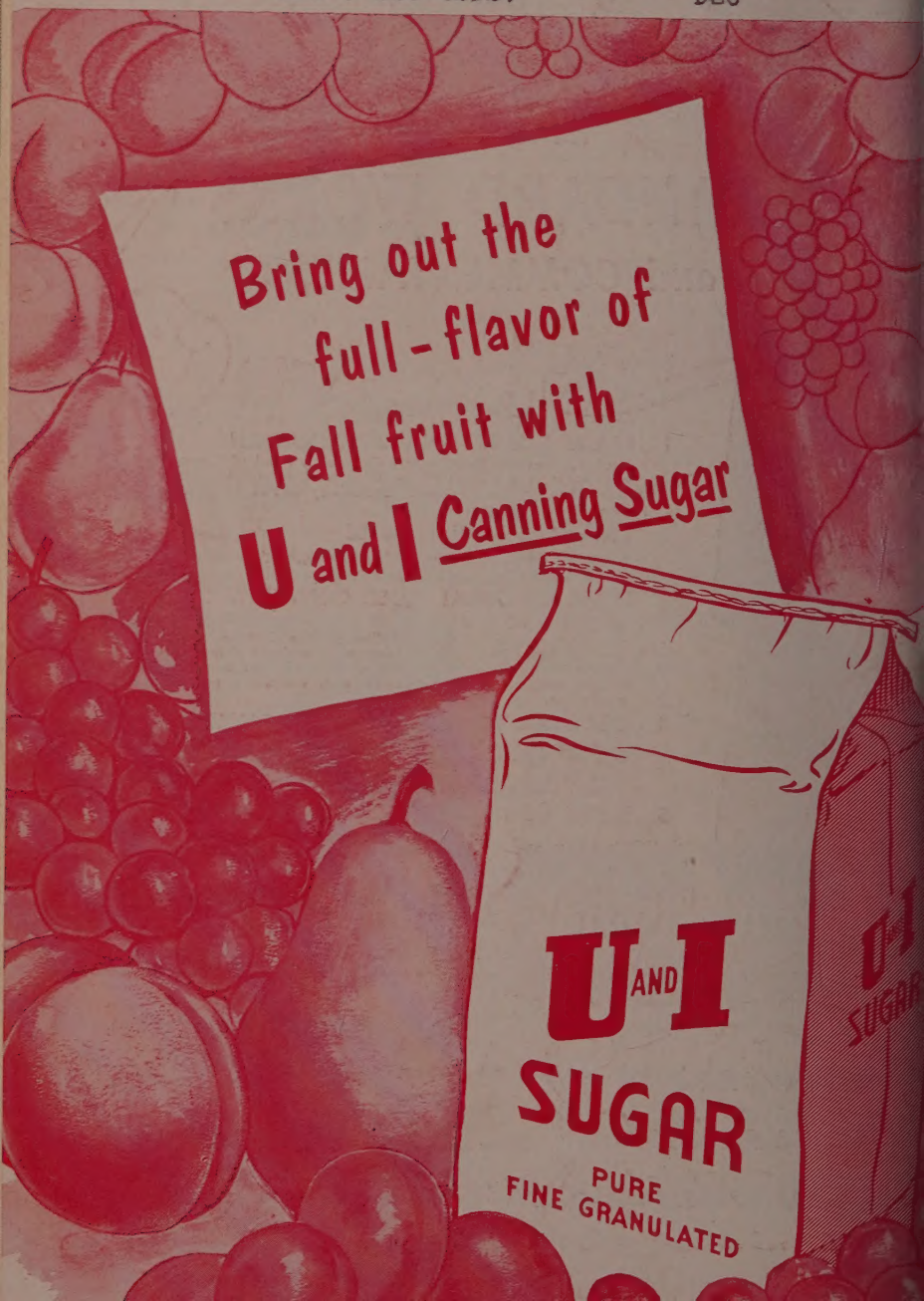
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